NEW MASSES

OCTOBER 20, 1936 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

THE MOSCOW TRIALS

The First of Four Articles by

Joshua Kunitz

★

Also in This Issue

Browder Answers Some Questions

Ilya Ehrenbourg on Unamuno

A Report from the Spanish Front

A Letter on Norman Thomas

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

ONE of the shrewdest commentators on the America in which he lived was the late Ring Lardner, who did quite a little literary horsing around and was an incredible punster but who packed a terriffic wallop in some of his satirical pieces. Like many another journalist, he sometimes made copy of his offspring. Ring, Jr., who occasionally figured in his father's paragraphs, has become a writer himself, in and around sports and the movies. Last week he bobbed up to deliver a Left jab in behalf of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. Replying to a reference in *Time* magazine which apparently repeated the old yarn about how Lenin warned the Party against Stalin, Ring, Jr., wrote: "It seems to me that your authority for Lenin's warning against Stalin is hardly sufficient to justify your stating it as a definite and established fact. . . . During the greatest crises of the revolutionary government it was always Stalin upon whom Lenin depended for support and counsel. Trotsky was his leg-man at the Treaty of Brest Litovsk, but it is interesting to note two telegrams which Lenin sent in answer to Trotsky's request for instructions. On Feb. 15, 1918, he wired: 'Reply to Trotsky. I must first consult Stalin before replying to his question.' And on Feb. 18, 'Stalin has just arrived. We will examine the situation together and send you a joint reply as soon as possible. Lenin.'"

Another pen which was lifted against the forces of reaction last week was the jaunty quill of Mr. Eustace Tilley, the mythical monocled dandy who presides over the Talk of the Town department of the *New Yorker*. In response to a nudge from his immaculate cow, one of his corporeal henchmen probably Mr. E. B. White, who usually writes the Notes and Comment on the first page—had a few words to say on the jailing of Earl Browder in Terre Haute. Referring to a number of notables who had been going places at the [illegible] This, reader, makes [illegible]l. If Mr. Browder [illegible] so are we, so is

Mrs. Roosevelt, so is Carl Hubbell; and we are all doomed to wander perilously in a land whose capital is Terre Haute, whose overlord is a man named James C. Yates, and whose undersecretaries are Mr. Messmore Kendall of the Sons of the American Revolution and Mr. Lambert Fairchild of the National Americanization League."

Spurred by this not unfriendly gesture from the official organ of the Meadow Brook and Jack and Charlie's section of the bourgeoisie, we hasten to take up a cause that we have long neglected. One of our artist contributors footloose in the Balkans writes: "His Majesty Edward of England was here, creating a great furor. The whole town fluttered with excitement. We were dancing at the one big café one night and he came in. It was touching, seeing this sandy-colored little fellow come in shy and red in the face. He danced and I had a fine chance to observe him at close quarters: his eyes pale blue and very eager, rather timidly looking around at us. He was so determined to have a good time and I think perhaps he did in spite of the curiosity of the crowd. It was very funny, shortly after he arrived he got up and apparently was leaving. He marched through the big café alone, to the entrance, and then turned off to the toilet. A restrained hysterical laughter rippled through the crowd. It was touching. One felt, poor devil!" A pretty pass when a king can't go without becoming a laughing stock.

Who's Who

GUY ENDORE, a new contributor to the NEW MASSES, is the author of the celebrated *Werewolf of Paris*. He also wrote *Babouk*, a novel of the early-nineteenth-century revolution in Haiti (a book which after two years of neglect is being revived by a useful whispering campaign) and what is generally regarded as the standard life of Casanova.

Marguerite Young discusses women in journalism from an authoritative vantage-point. Her ten years of newspaper work include the covering of national politics for the N. Y. *World-Telegram*, the Associated Press, and the *Daily Worker*. She was formerly a member of the executive committee of the Washington, D. C., Newspaper Guild.

Pedro Grullo is a Spanish critic who appears in our pages for the first time.

Harold Ward did the translation of Ilya Ehrenbourg's letter to Unamuno.

It was the eagle eye of Rockwell Kent that spied out the Walt Whitman poem which we print, along with

Mr. Kent's decoration, in this issue.

World Politics, 1918-1936, by R. Palme Dutt, reviewed in this issue by Milton Howard, is the first "dividend" book of the Book Union.

Marion Greenwood, whose drawing is on page 16, did a series of murals for the Mercado Rodriguez in Mexico City which [illegible] ited considerable favorable c[illegible]

Frank Horowitz, [illegible]nted the *Caucasian Farmer* r[illegible] on page 4, has canvases in t[illegible]nent collections of the Penn[illegible] Academy of Fine Arts, the [illegible] Museum, the Roerich Museum [illegible] museums in Tel-Aviv and th[illegible]

What's What

SPEAKING to the luncheon of the Committee of Professional Groups for Browder and Ford two weeks ago, Earl Browder remarked that the capitalist press criticized the Terre Haute arrest because denial of civil rights to a presidential candidate publicized the question so as to make it more difficult for the forces of reaction to deny civil rights to the obscure and lowly. It put the capitalist class and their henchmen on the defensive. An interesting aspect of this has been the "Let Browder speak" kind of editorial that occurred in reactionary Birmingham, Ala., as Beth McHenry's article reported last week. Well, then, if the southern bourbons are on the defensive, here is an opportunity for NEW MASSES readers to clinch a small victory. A subscription to this magazine has been going to the public library in Savannah, Ga., but it has not been available to readers. Friends of free culture everywhere should at once write or wire to the library there insisting that the NEW MASSES be put on the shelves.

With something like a crow of triumph in its voice, the business department of the NEW MASSES reports that the Federal Theater Project dramatization of Sinclair Lewis's *It Can't Happen Here* will be sold out for some eight weeks before it opens. The crow of triumph seems to be due to the fact that we can offer NEW MASSES readers seats the third week on all of four nights: Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Nov. 18, 19, 20, and 21. These are NEW MASSES nights and you can still get to see the show early in the run (see ad page 29).

Flashbacks

THE name of John Reed, who cheerled at Harvard for the gridiron exploits of beefier Ham Fish, will be repeated on—and off—many a campus during this, the anniversary week of his birth in Portland, Ore. (Oct. 20, 1887) and of his death in Moscow (Oct. 17, 1920). From an inspired rah-rah boy Reed evolved first into America's ace reporter and finally into America's ebullient representative to the first Executive Committee of the Communist International. . . . And nineteen years ago (Oct. 16, 1917), lest Mr. Hearst forget, the newsboys on Seattle's *Post-Intelligencer* staged a

successful one-day strike against a wage cut. . . . Seventy-seven years ago (Oct. 16, 1859) angry, bearded John Brown with twenty-one followers seized the Harper's Ferry arsenal as one step in his plan to aid Virginia Negroes to escape slavery.

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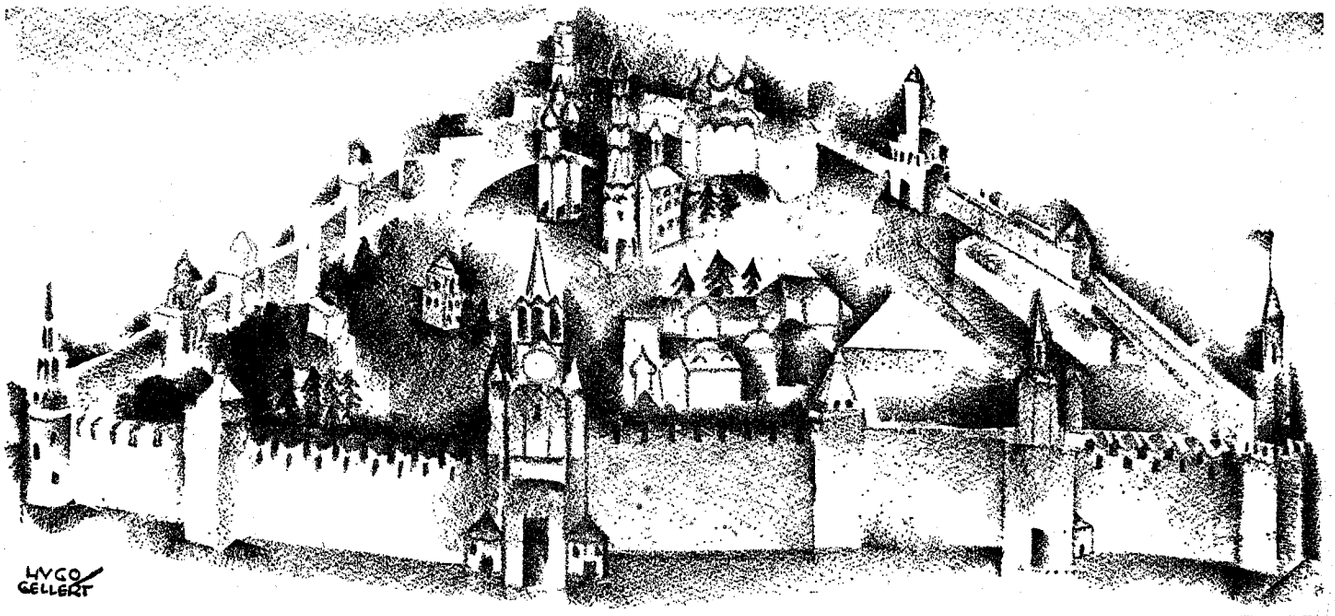

Hugo Gellert

The Moscow Trials

Armed with a thorough knowledge of the Russian language, our correspondent begins a vivid eye-witness series on the recent prosecutions for terrorism

By Joshua Kunitz

SILENCE. People are tense, waiting. Subdued conversation or a nervous cough, then everything is quiet again. The platform, raised at the fore end of the small October Hall in the House of Unions, is deserted, except for the lonely sentinel in the center whose Red Army uniform, gleaming bayonet, and sharp immobile profile punctuate the awesome solemnity of the occasion.

A bell rings. The measured tramp of many feet resounds through the hall. The sentinel, showing his first sign of animation, retires. Through the door in the back of the platform a soldier appears followed by one civilian, then another soldier and another civilian, then a third pair, a fourth, a fifth—sixteen Red Army men each followed by a civilian march onto the platform in single file. The defendants!

There is a stir in the courtroom. While the defendants are being seated in the dock and while the Red Army men, in military order, retire from the platform, people rise, strain their eyes, try to recognize the men many of whose names were once luminous in the annals of the Revolution.

The defendants seem well-fed, wear respectable suits, collars, ties. Two have neatly trimmed goatees. But for the five armed guards now stationed frozenly, at regular intervals, by the sides of the wooden railing surrounding the defendants, one might imagine these well-groomed gentlemen to have gathered for a quiet conference in the office of one of the planning commissions. Kamenev, especially, with his gray hair, aristocratic whiskers, high stiff collar, sparkling pince-nez, and well-fitting business suit around his generous waistline, is the personification of academic dignity. Only Ter-Vaganyan, the Armenian, once editor of the learned magazine *Under the Banner of Marxism,* is attired in the black tunic typical of the Bolsheviks in the Trans-Caucasus. And only Zinoviev and Smirnov—the latter head of the Trotskyites in this country—have their shirts open at the collar. Both look like labor leaders; the first might come from the needle trades in New York, the second from a typographical union in the Middle West. Pickel, of the Tairov theater, critic, member of the writers' union, looks like a bond salesman. The handsomest is Reingold, once Assistant Commissar of Finance, thin, graceful, with sensitive young face, he reminds one a little of Walter Hampden's Hamlet. The person who strikes everyone as the villain made-to-order is the Trotskyite Olberg, who entered the Soviet Union on a passport bought through a Gestapo agent in Prague from the Berlin consul of the Republic of Honduras. D. Lurye, another Trotskyite, is by profession a surgeon, and reminds me of an interne I once knew in a New York hospital. His intellectual master and guide is Moses Lurye, author and lecturer, graduate of Berlin University. He had been active in the German Trotskyite organization many years. Berman Yurin, sent here by Trotsky personally, is quite colorless. His fellow conspirator, also sent here by Trotsky personally, is Fritz David, alias Krugliansky, a political writer, once a Socialist Zionist, who still looks a Socialist Zionist, rather mild, innocuously idealistic. Diminutive Dreitzer, Trotsky's bodyguard for many years and slavishly devoted to his master, must have once been a compact little bundle of bones, nerves, and energy. He is a lifeless skeleton now, his little head bald, his little face gray. Yet he and Mrachkovsky—a man who won medals in the civil war—are the arch Trotskyites. Holzman, short, stocky, awkward, his mouth a little open as if he were deaf, his hand nervously patting his bald pate, reminds one of a scared frog. How this man could have become a conspirator carrying messages and instructions and literature from and to Trotsky is beyond me. Yet from all reports he was one of their most trusted and valuable men. The man most obviously cast for the part of terrorist is certainly Bakaiev—there is something in his black eyes and black little turned up beard that suggests a character out of Dostoievski;

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counterpart is Yevdokimov, fair, plump, smiling, apparently good-natured.

By the time the second bell rings, everybody is in his seat again. Quietly, Prosecutor of the U.S.S.R. A. Y. Vishinsky, dressed in a gray civilian suit, slips onto the platform and takes his seat to the left, facing the defendants. His straight blond hair brushed harshly to the side, his closely cropped, bristling reddish mustache; his steel-blue eyes, thin lips, decisive movements, and cold concentrated expression suggest his fitness for the part he is to play at this trial. Without looking up, he arranges the papers on his desk.

The rows in front and the row in back are filled with foreign correspondents and embassy people. On the other side, across the aisle, are Soviet newspapermen. The rest of the audience is made up of workers from numerous shops and factories. It will be their duty to follow the trial and report on it before meetings of workers in their respective industries.

The third bell. An army officer, decorations on his chest, steps up on the platform, snaps his hand to the visor of his cap, and proclaims: "The court. Please rise." Everybody, including the defendants and the prosecutor, rises. The first to emerge through the back door is the heavy figure of V. V. Ulrich, chairman of the Military Collegium of the Supreme Court of the U.S.S.R., who is to preside. Immediately after him appears the tall, thin I. O. Matulevich, assistant chairman of the Military Collegium of the Supreme Court of the U.S.S.R. Then comes Divisional Military Jurist I. T. Nikitchenko, tall, thin like his predecessor. The three are members of the Court. They are followed by I. T. Golychov—Division Military Jurist—as alternate member, and Kostushko, Military Jurist of the First Rank, who is to act as secretary.

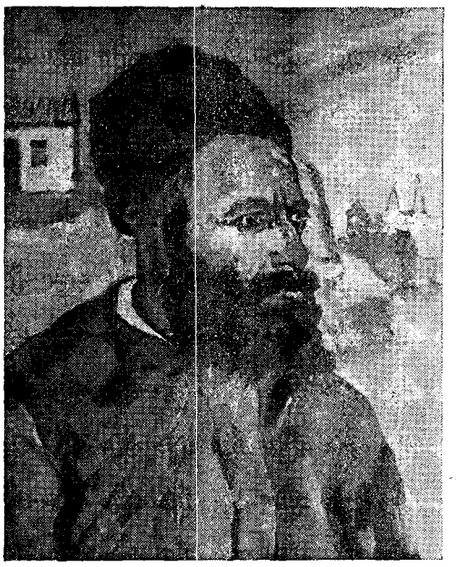
"Sadites Pozhaluista" (sit down, please), utters Ulrich in an unexpectedly velvety voice, as he himself takes his place at the center of the long table facing the courtroom. Everybody resumes his seat. Matulevich and Nikitchenko take places on each side of Chairman Ulrich.

After a brief pause, Chairman Ulrich announces that *all the defendants have declined counsel, in view of which they are being given the right to conduct their own defense, to put questions, and to make speeches.*

Then Prosecutor Vishinsky rises. In clear, incisive accents, for one hour and twenty minutes he reads the indictment.

The picture of plotting, villainy, treachery, double-dealing, hypocrisy, cynicism, lust for power, and murder uncovered by Vishinsky as the result of months of investigation is so terrifying, so monstrous, seems so utterly inapplicable to most of the scholarly-looking men in the dock that the European bourgeois correspondent at my side whispers to me: "Incredible . . . the concoction of a diseased mind!"

What my neighbor doubts particularly is the unanimity with which, according to the indictment, the defendants admitted their guilt during the preliminary investigation, the ruthless self-exposure in their confessions.



Caucasian Farmer Painting by Frank Horowitz

"Nonsense" he jots down on his pad for me to read. "No one would speak of himself so cynically, so shamelessly. Does Vishinsky expect us to believe that these people called themselves murderers, counter-revolutionists, etc.? Reingold, according to Vishinsky, described his group as a 'counter-revolutionary terrorist group of assassins.' Kamenev, as quoted, spoke of 'our policy of double-dealing,' 'our murder of Kirov.' Olberg spoke of contact with the Gestapo and that that was the line of the Trotskyites in conformity with the instructions of L. Trotsky given through Sedov, his son. Does Vishinsky expect us to swallow that? Fantastic. . . . They couldn't possibly have admitted all the crimes ascribed to them, not in this spirit, not in these words. . . ."

But my colleague is a little too hasty. As Vishinsky concludes reading the indictment, Chairman Ulrich asks each of the defendants separately whether he pleads guilty to the crimes he is charged with. Only Smirnov and Holzman deny personal participation in the immediate preparation and performance of terrorist acts, while admitting membership in the terrorist Trotskyite-Zinovievite Center, personal contact with Trotsky, receipt of instructions from Trotsky to organize terrorist acts against the leaders of the party and government.

The answer of each of the others is "Yes."

EXAMINATION of defendants and witnesses has been going on for hours. The whole thing is surprisingly free and informal. The judges scarcely utter a word. The defendants interrupt one another, ask questions of one another or of the prosecutor, the latter always polite, never losing patience, interrupts the defendants, questions two or three simultaneously in the spirit of simple group discussion. Hours and hours of this, yet nothing fundamentally new has been established. The indictment is invulnerable, confirmed in every detail.

Proved, that in the period of 1932-36 a united Trotskyite-Zinovievite Center was organized in the city of Moscow; that Zinoviev, Kamenev, Yevdokimov, and Bakaiev of the Zinovievites and Smirnov, Ter-Vaganyan, and Mrachkovsky of the Trotskyites were part of the united Center; that the object of that Center was to commit a number of terroristic acts against the leaders of the Communist Party and the government for the purpose of seizing power.

Proved, further, that the united Trotskyite-Zinovievite Center organized terrorist groups and made preparations to murder Stalin, Voroshilov, Zhdanov, Kaganovich, Kirov, Kosior, Orjonikidze, and Postyshev; that one of the Leningrad groups, operating on the *direct* instructions of Zinoviev and Trotsky of the united Trotskyite-Zinovievite Center, and under the direct leadership of the defendant Bakaiev, murdered S. M. Kirov on December 1, 1934.

Admitted in open court, that Dreitzer and Holzman of the Trotskyites and Reingold and Pickel of the Zinovievites, members of the underground terrorist organization, took part in the preparations to murder Stalin, Voroshilov, Kaganovich, and others; that Leon Trotsky himself had assumed charge of the terrorist activities in the U.S.S.R.; that Olberg, Berman-Yurin, Fritz David, Moses Lurye, and Nathan Lurye were direct agents of Trotsky and his son Sedov, sent from Berlin to Moscow to organize terroristic acts, particularly the assassination of Stalin; and, most damning, that Olberg, and the two Luryes, to achieve their ends, and with the knowledge of their leaders, resorted to the aid of the Gestapo.

The prosecutor has little or nothing to do. The defendants are their own prosecutors. They not only expose themselves. They incriminate one another. They drag in names of people—Bukharin, Radek, Rykov, Tomsky, Sokolnikov, Serebriakov—who are not on trial. They are spiteful. They sneer and snap at one another. If it were not for the guards, they would, it seems, jump at one another's throats. Each seems to be seeking to pull the next one into the abyss. And when the latter resists, others jump to the help of the aggressor. No mercy, no shielding; they seem to lack even the esprit de corps of gangsters. Mouthing words of repentance, they do not forget, in passing, to inculpate former comrades and associates, apparently thinking thus to reduce their own guilt in the eyes of the judges.

There is Zinoviev, answering Vishinsky's questions. It is difficult to believe that that squeaky, whining voice comes from a once famous revolutionist, a collaborator of Lenin, a leader of masses, a mighty orator, head of the Leningrad Soviet and the Communist International.

What is left of him is that broad intellectual forehead and the old habit of passing the puffy fingers of his small hand through

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that shock of bla his hair of his—that, and linguistic flu

He admits every eadily, almost, it appears, eagerly.

VISHINSKY: This means that all of you organized the murder of Kirov?

ZINOVIEV: Yes.

VISHINSKY: This means that all of you killed Comrade Kirov?

When he is in his seat again, he looks nonchalantly at the audience, as if he had just owned up to some childish prank.

Later in the same vein:

ZINOVIEV: Yes.

VISHINSKY: You rushed, you speeded up the murder of Kirov? Were there any moments when you expressed dissatisfaction with the slow progress of your terrorists?

ZINOVIEV: Yes, I did express some dissatisfaction.

VISHINSKY: May it be said then that you were not only the organizer and inspirer of the murder of Kirov, but also the organizer of a speedier realization of that event?

ZINOVIEV: There was a time when I sought to speed it up.

He is resolved to take along with him as many associates as he can, especially Smirnov, who, next to Trotsky, is, one gathers, Zinoviev's pet aversion at this trial. But Smirnov does not relish the prospect. He hedges. His first impulse is to deny—to deny that Sedov's conversations with him about terror (Berlin, 1931) were actually instructions from Trotsky, to deny that his passing to the Center of Trotsky's secret letter calling for terror in 1932 was an overt act establishing not only an acceptance of Trotsky's ideas but the actual organizing of terror, to deny that he was the leader of the Trotskyites, to deny that he had maintained secret quarters, outside his home, where he met his Trotskyite conspirators, to deny that he partook in organizing the Center on the basis of a terrorist program, to deny everything. He admits only when he is pinned to the wall, when the evidence is overwhelming, when he can no longer wiggle out, when Dreitzer and Reingold and Yevdokimov and Zinoviev his one time "ally," and Safarova, Smirnov's wife, all testify to the contrary.

Zinoviev reveals that he had carried on negotiations with Smirnov as the head of the Trotskyite organization in the U.S.S.R. He maintains that Smirnov "fervently and persuasively insisted on the necessity of terroristic activities." Indeed, he goes into details, giving the exact place and the exact number of times he had met Smirnov during the negotiations.

Again Smirnov denies—he had never spoken to Zinoviev. He challenges the credibility of his accuser: "Zinoviev has been frequently known to lie."

Zinoviev looks indifferent. But later, when on the stand again, he deals his former ally the final blow. He drags in the reluctant Trotskyite by the scruff of his neck. "We were convinced," he says, "that the leadership must be replaced at all costs, that it must be replaced by us and Trotsky. It was under these circumstances that my meetings took place with Smirnov who has accused me here of frequently telling untruths. Yes, I frequently used to tell untruths. I began to tell them the moment I took the path of struggling against the Bolshevik Party. However, since Smirnov, too, has taken the path of fighting the party, he, too, is lying. And the difference between him and me apparently is that I have firmly and definitely resolved this last minute to tell the whole truth, while he, it appears, has made a different decision."

VISHINSKY: And now? Do you tell the whole truth now?

ZINOVIEV: Now I tell the whole truth, nothing but the truth.

VISHINSKY: Remember that on January 15 and 16, 1935, at the sessions of the Military Collegium of the Supreme Court, you also insisted that you were telling the whole truth.

ZINOVIEV: Yes, on the 15 and 16 of January I did not tell the whole truth.

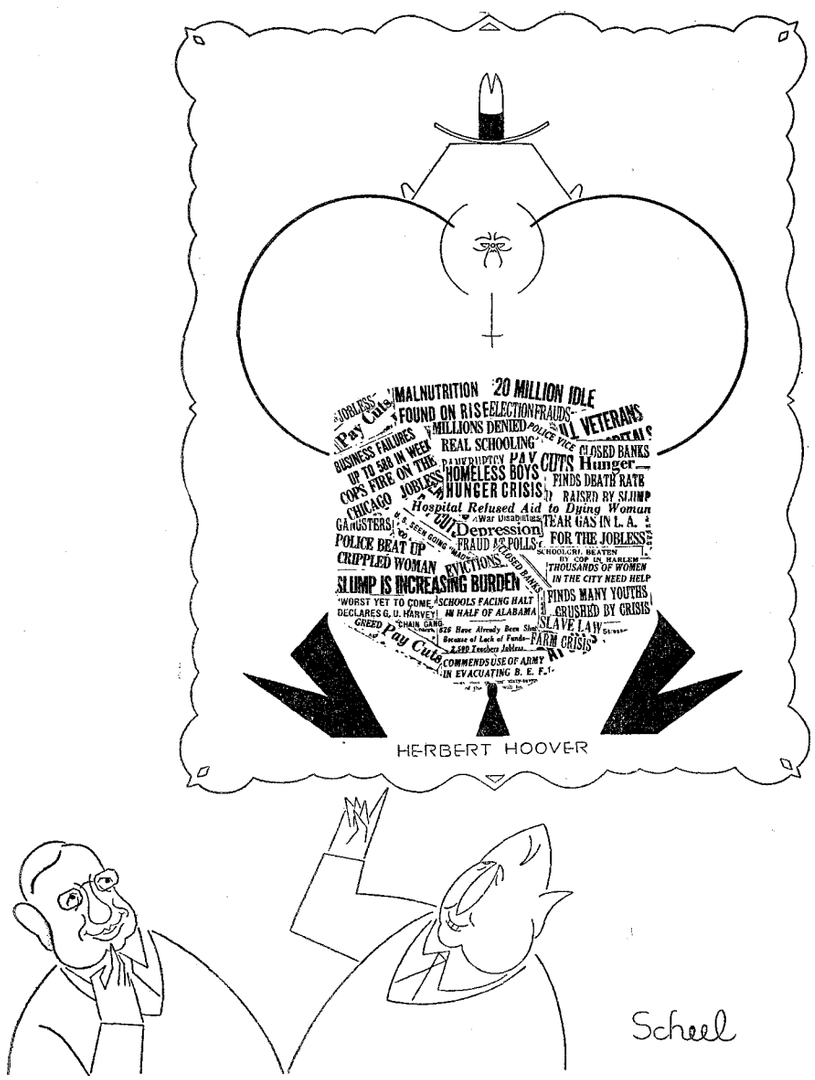
VISHINSKY: You didn't, but you then insisted that you did.

Zinoviev remains unperturbed.

Continuing his testimony, he reveals that during the conversations with Smirnov in 1931 he arranged with him for the amalgamation of the Trotskyite and Zinovievite groups on the basis of terrorism and that this was done on Trotsky's instructions. "Smirnov fully supported these instructions and ardently and faithfully carried them out. . . . We discussed at great length with Smirnov the choice of people for terrorist work and even named individuals against whom the terrorist weapon should be directed—Stalin, Kirov, Voroshilov, etc. To realize these plans the Trotskyite-Zinovievite terrorist Center was created in which the leading roles were played by myself and by Smirnov representing the Trotskyites."

Zinoviev, it is clear, would have given anything for the presence of Trotsky in the dock. Zinoviev, Kamenev, and Trotsky — death would be less abhorrent in such company. But Trotsky is lucky, he is in Norway, still out of reach of proletarian justice, so Zinoviev is making sure that he is at least going to have Trotsky's representative Smirnov along with him to the next world.

(*To be continued*)



"Everybody's depending on you to bring back the good old days, Alf."

Scheel

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Answers on the Air

Cedric Foster, of Station WTHT, Hartford, Conn., puts to the Communist Party candidate a series of questions of vital present-day interest

An Interview with Earl Browder

FOSTER: Well, Mr. Browder, we have heard a great deal of Communists advocating the overthrow of the United States government by force. I think it will clarify the situation greatly were you to tell us just what the stand of your Party is on that particular question.

BROWDER: The Communist Party does not advocate force and violence. It is a legal party and defends its legality. Communists are not conspirators, not terrorists, not anarchists. The Communist Party is an open revolutionary party, continuing under modern conditions the revolutionary traditions of 1776.

FOSTER: Just how do you find a basis of comparison between those conditions and the year 1936?

BROWDER: America was born as an independent nation out of a conflict that arose between the interests of the masses of the people on one side and the then existing government on the other side. The Declaration of Independence laid down the fundamental revolutionary principle that when such a conflict arises the people have the right and the duty to establish a new form of government to guarantee their future security. We Communists maintain the Declaration of Independence today. We do not, however, make the issue of a new form of government the question to be decided in the 1936 elections. We know that the overwhelming majority of the American people are not prepared to choose a new form of government.

FOSTER: Just what do you make as the issue in the election four weeks from now and just what do you think the American people are prepared to do if they are not ready to choose a new form of government?

BROWDER: We say the chief issue is the choice between progress and reaction, between democracy or fascism. We believe the great majority of the American people are prepared to accept a definitely progressive platform based upon protection and extension of democratic rights. Unfortunately this majority is not yet organized for political action. It has been trying unsuccessfully to get the progressive platform adopted by one or other of the old parties. Today these people are turning toward the formation of a new party which in most places takes the form of the Farmer-Labor Party.

FOSTER: Well, doesn't this constitute an abandonment by the Communist Party of the revolutionary principles to which it has always adhered?

BROWDER: No, the Communists systematically advocate their revolutionary principles, that is, the necessity of socialism to replace the present capitalist system. But until that becomes a practical issue for the majority of the people the Communists will join hands with all of those who fight for a better life under capitalism. The improvement of living conditions under capitalism may delay the revolutionary change to socialism but it will provide a more peaceful, less difficult, and less painful transition to socialism when the time comes.

FOSTER: Well, with all this talk of socialism creeping in here, Mr. Browder, why don't you join hands with Norman Thomas and have one party, a combination of Socialists and Communists?

BROWDER: That's a good idea and we proposed that to Norman Thomas.

FOSTER: What was his reaction?

BROWDER: Norman Thomas rejected the idea of uniting the forces that want socialism. He goes farther and refuses to help build the Farmer-Labor Party to unite all of those who want to stop reaction and fascism. Norman Thomas says the issue in 1936 is the choice between socialism or capitalism. He's not interested unless he can get socialism right away. Norman Thomas has even said that it might be better if Landon, the extreme reactionary, were elected.

Houston Port — Janet Darnell

FOSTER: Well, then, please tell me briefly just what is the difference between your beliefs and those of Mr. Thomas, if there is any difference.

BROWDER: In the immediate issues of the day our main difference with Thomas is that we stand for a united front of all the progressives while Thomas rejects that idea. On the question of the future socialistic society our difference is chiefly that Thomas thinks that socialism can be established without a revolution.

FOSTER: May I interpose here, Mr. Browder. When you say revolution do you mean the generally accredited definition of that term which is war, bloodshed, and suffering or do you mean an educational revolution accomplished at the polls?

BROWDER: We have no different definition of revolution than that given to us by Thomas Jefferson.

FOSTER: What was that definition?

BROWDER: Jefferson pointed out that the bloody war of 1776, which was necessary to establish American independence, was not caused by advocacy of force and violence by the patriots of those days but by the determination of a government which was separated from the people to impose its will at all costs. So long as the people can control their government there will be no necessity for a bloody revolution. If the capitalists would submit to the decisions of the American people the change to socialism will be bloodless.

FOSTER: In other words Communistic principles do not advocate the waving of a red rag in the streets and machine guns mowing down the populace and that, Mr. Browder, I am frank to confess is just what many people believe.

BROWDER: It is through just such an interview as this, Mr. Foster, that we are trying to break down that belief. We Communists want to prevent a continuance of the violence that shames American life. Machine guns are not strangers to American streets but it has never been the Communists that have brought them out. It is usually the strikebreaking agencies employed by the capitalists which have made machine guns and gas bombs commonplace experiences to large numbers of the American people. We would like to stop all that. If the employers further develop this kind of warfare upon the American working people, they are the ones who are forcing the issue.

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A. Ajay

"But use the bombs only as a last resort. They cost like hell."

FOSTER: There is another question I want to ask you, Mr. Browder. It has to do with religion. According to press reports most of the churches in Russia have been demolished under a communistic regime. Do you believe that religion is not necessary for the welfare of mankind, and if you do not believe that how do you justify the demolition of the churches?

BROWDER: The Communists stand for unconditional freedom of worship. The reason why the church in Russia suffered from the revolution is because it was a state church bound up with the old czarist regime of oppression which was a by-word throughout the world. It was a political instrument of the czarist autocracy and when the czar was overthrown it tried to reëstablish czarism. Similarly, in Spain today, the church is suffering because it made itself the center of an organized rebellion to overthrow the democratic republic, and its buildings were made into arsenals for the fascist rebels. When the church enters politics in this way the church will always suffer. If the church separates itself from the state and confines itself to its proper sphere of religion it will have nothing to complain of anywhere.

The Soviet Union divorced the church from the state and established the American system in these relations. We Communists, in general, are not adherents of any church; in this respect we follow the examples of Abraham Lincoln and Thomas Paine.

FOSTER: Speaking of divorcing church from state, Mr. Browder, brings up the subject to my mind of marriage and divorce. I believe it was Theodore Roosevelt who said, "When the home disintegrates the nation decays." Don't you believe that the ease with which divorce is obtained in Russia tends to lower the moral standards of the people? I don't believe you advocate such a lowering of standards?

BROWDER: Mr. Roosevelt was correct. One of the signs of decay in American capitalist society is the tragic break-up of millions of homes which is going on under the blows of unemployment. All of the immediate measures proposed by the Communists are aimed to protect the home. We do not think that the home can be maintained, however, by making divorce more difficult. The proper way is to create conditions under which people won't want divorces. Permanent and healthy family life is best built upon the secure possession by all people of the material basis for the family; that is, adequate housing, plenty of food and clothing, and an assured income. It is still true very often that when poverty walks in through the door love flies out of the window. Abolish poverty and the problem of divorce will largely disappear.

FOSTER: Well, that seems to settle that, Mr. Browder. While we are on the subject of Russia I want to ask you another question. It has always been my belief that when any group of individuals, be they Communists or any other party adherents, come into power, they may forget they represent the common everyday man and woman and seek avariciously for more and more power. In other words, there enters the human element. Do you as a Communist claim your party leaders immune from such lust for power ? they will always remember the people who they serve? Might they not fall into the category of the persons you term capitalists and whom you oppose?

BROWDER: We Communists are the last ones to deny the human element in all social problems. That is why we consider it so important that the working class shall be represented by a highly organized party which sets exemplary standards for its leadership and enforces these standards ruthlessly. Without such systematic and organized control of the leadership, through a party arising directly from the mass of the people and controlled by them, it is quite true that leadership tends to degenerate. This is especially true under conditions of capitalism which sets as the highest standard for each individual, not the service of the general good, but the accumulation of individual wealth. We do *not* think this is a permanent characteristic of human nature. This is only a product of the individualistic capitalist society. A deeper feature of human nature is the desire to win the esteem of one's fellows. When this esteem can be secured only by serving the common good, then human nature will flower as never before in history. The individual will find his greatest good in the common service.

FOSTER: In closing this interview, Mr. Browder, will you sum up briefly the aims of the Communist Party and what it stands for in the 1936 elections?

BROWDER: The Communist Party in the present election strives first of all to unite all the progressive forces in the country in a Farmer-Labor party with a program which calls for the provision of jobs and a minimum wage for all; social security for those who cannot work through old age pensions and unemployment insurance; guaranteed opportunity for education and work for the young people; security for the farmer in the possession of his farm and an adequate income; maintenance and extension of democratic rights and popular control of the government; a system of public finance based upon ability to pay; that is, taxation of the rich, with abolition of sales taxes; complete equality for the Negro people by the enforcement of the constitution, and a peace policy to keep America out of war by keeping war out of the world. This platform can be summed up as a program of democracy against fascism, of progress against reaction. It can be accomplished through organizing the people in a Farmer-Labor Party. The experience in fighting for these demands will, we believe, convince the majority of the people at some future time that it is necessary and possible to go forward to a new system of society which we call socialism. Socialism is that system whereby the people take over as their common property the basic economy of the country and operate it through their people's government for the benefit of the whole population. These, Mr. Foster, are our immediate and ultimate aims, and these are the principles for which we are struggling.

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"For Landon"

Maurice Becker

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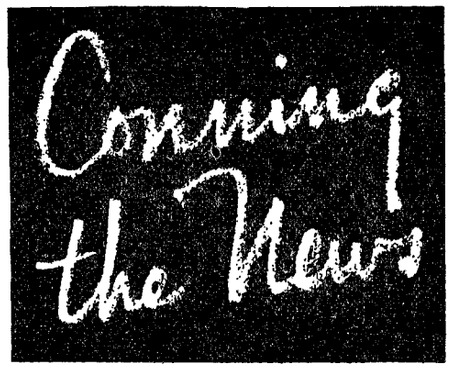

Covering the events of the week ending October 12

IT WAS freely predicted weeks ago that when President Roosevelt finally waded into the campaign the country would soon have on its hands a rather sick elephant. Events of the week do the political prophets credit. With a presidential campaign goal of $8,636,000, Republican Chairman Hamilton has succeeded in raising little more than $2,000,000. "Those who are complaining the loudest," wailed Hamilton, "are not willing to put their protest against the evils of the New Deal in tangible form." More positive indication that the money boys look on Topeka Alf as a lost cause came when two ardent and wealthy anti-New Dealers announced sudden conversions. William Lockhart Clayton, the world's largest cotton merchant and $10,000 contributor to the Liberty League, decided suddenly that "the interests of the country will be best served by the reëlection of Roosevelt and Garner." And Publisher Ralph B. Strassburger, life-long Republican and a delegate to the convention that nominated Landon, announced his conviction that Roosevelt's "tempered liberalism" was the "best antidote for communism."

The Middle West, chief battleground of the campaign, found both old-party candidates on the scene, preparing for the death struggle. With agriculture as his principal theme for the week, Roosevelt made an ardent defense of his administration's reciprocal tariff treaties at St. Paul—in which he declared, "A prosperous world has no permanent room in it for dictatorship or for war"—and announced a new four-point farm program in a major speech at Omaha. Conservation, increased consumer purchasing power, crop insurance, and an attack on farm tenancy were the high spots of the program, which was less definite than eloquent.

Landon, who appears to be alternating between programs that call for greater financial outlays than the New Deal ever demanded and Coolidge-like niggardliness, put in a save-the-pennies week, featured by a major address at Chicago in which he promised unequivocally to balance the budget at once simply by eliminating "waste and extravagance." Even the budget-minded New York *Times* was skeptical, intimating that if Landon does any balancing it will have to be at the expense of the farmers, to whom Alf has offered more than the New Deal, or the unemployed. The latter seemed the likelier bet in view of the governor's Cleveland speech a few days later in which he openly advocated returning the relief problem to state and local governments.

TURNING its guns on Father Coughlin, the New Deal high command attacked the fascist-minded priest on two fronts. The leading volley was fired by Mgr. John A. Ryan of Catholic University, who undertook the political speech, he said, because "I love truth and hate lies." Coughlin's charges that the President is a Communist, the Washington prelate branded "ugly, cowardly, and flagrant calumnies," and he also urged his audience to ignore the fantastic Republican accusations that Frankfurter, Tugwell, Hillman, and Dubinsky have any connection with Communism. Secretary of the Interior Ickes accused Coughlin of working hand in hand with Landon and singled out William Hard as the liaison officer between the candidate and the priest, whom he referred to as the "Detroit fascist." Ickes said he did not charge Coughlin with "selling out to the Republican party," but insisted that there was a community of interest between him and the G.O.P.

Since the arrival of Cardinal Pacelli from Rome Coughlin has been playing a strange political game. After hinting that the administration deserved "bullets not ballots," he swerved suddenly during the week, conceded that Roosevelt, whom he had branded "anti-God," had done more good than "all the Hoovers," and even declared: "If Lemke weren't in the field, I'd tell you to vote for Roosevelt." Since the Cardinal, according to European political observers, is quite possibly here with the aim of enlisting the President in a world-wide anti-Communist crusade, it may well be that Coughlin has orders to stop making a pest of himself—or it may just be that, politically, the priest knows a sinking ship when he is on one.

If the latter interpretation is correct, Coughlin showed more political acumen than can be credited to his fellow stalking-horse Dr. Townsend. Practically all question of the good doctor's sincerity vanished during the week when he instructed his followers in nine states in which Lemke's name will not be on the ballot to vote for Landon. This despite Landon's avowed intention of limiting old-age security to "supplementary payment necessary to give a minimum income sufficient to protect" those over sixty-five "from want"—a plan characterized by John G. Winant, former chairman of the Social Security Board, as "a dole with a means test."

WITHOUT mincing words, like Secretary Ickes, Communist candidate Earl Browder also tore into Father Coughlin. In a coast-to-coast broadcast, Browder accused Coughlin "of conspiring with William Randolph Hearst to prepare a fascist attack on American democracy," and issued a ringing challenge to the priest to meet him in Detroit's Olympic Stadium on October 27 to answer the charges. Browder's message was addressed primarily to the youth of America, whose American Youth Congress he characterized as "one of the guarantees that Gerald K. Smith and his type of fascist demagogue will find it very difficult to enroll our young people as the storm troops of reaction."

Landon's support during the week fell on the shoulders of a dubious quartet composed of Colonel Knox, Al Smith, former Senator James A. Reed, and Bernarr Macfadden. The Colonel, who only a month ago bitterly denounced the Seattle city administration for not crushing the Newspaper Guild strike on Hearst's *Post-Intelligencer,* brazenly declared: "I have never raised my voice against the battles waged by working men." Al Smith, vainly reaching after past glories, put on his brown derby once more and even said "raddio," but beyond that the best he could do was bewail the fact that the Democratic Party had walked out on him. Has-been Reed, once the oratorical glory of the Senate, went to Newark to address a mass meeting of "Jeffersonian" Democrats on behalf of Landon. In an auditorium built to accommodate 2500 persons, the Landon Jeffersonian found awaiting him an audience of 165. Presiding over the meeting was "Biceps" Macfadden, who later in the week revealed that if America should embrace Communism today, "Jim Farley would probably be the Stalin."

FASCIST-TINGED reaction, which was dramatically crystallized by the arrest of Earl Browder for vagrancy two weeks ago, continued to affect the campaign. In Illinois the Communist Party was denied a place on the ballot despite the fact that it had in every way satisfied the legal requirements for representation. (See Readers' Forum, page 21.) Insisting on its legitimate status, the party announced that it would appeal to the courts and also that Browder would make himself an Indiana "vagrant" once more in an attempt to fill a Terre Haute speaking engagement on October 19.

The grotesque anti-Communist note injected into the campaign, the increasing signs of repression, and the springing up of fascist and semi-fascist organizations had the effect of convincing Roger Babson, big business economist, that fascism is something more than a leftist bogy, kept at hand to scare wobbling liberals. "The coming national election," declared Babson, "may be the last one for many years to come." Lending credence to this warning was the uncovering of a seemingly fantastic plot in the New York offices of the W.P.A. While that agency's theater project prepared to stage a dramatic version of Sinclair Lewis's *It Can't Happen Here,* a group of reactionary W.P.A. officials were laying the foundations for a fascist military body, called the Veterans' Reserve Corps and designed to make war on labor, Jews, and progressives.

Reactionary violence outside these organized fascist channels broke out in several spots on the labor front during the week, despite the administration's keen interest in

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preserving peace during the balance of the campaign. Salinas lettuce packers, calling for a 48-hour general strike against an ordinance designed to prevent picketing, faced continual gas barrages and mass attacks by vigilante deputies. Pickets at the Berkshire Knitting Mills in Reading, Pa., defied the terror of a state police force that has already killed one striker and injured more than two hundred. New York City staged a show of brutality in a vicious attack on W.P.A. workers demanding more adequate relief and on artists and models who demanded employment.

Negotiations between maritime workers and employers bent on breaking the backbone of Pacific Coast labor continued in San Francisco. With only one week of the truce remaining, the employers appeared more determined than ever to lock out the maritime unions. The coast workers were greatly encouraged by word from the Northwest that 73,600 lumber and wood workers, newly organized in a Federation of Wood-Working Industries, had pledged them complete support.

Towering above all other labor developments of the week was the frantic struggle of the American Federation of Labor's executive council to reach a truce with that fast-growing labor giant, the C.I.O., before the Federation's Tampa convention in November. Pleas for "peace" between the reactionaries in the council and the illegally suspended C.I.O. bloc featured the meeting of the cap and millinery division of the United Hat, Cap, & Millinery Workers Union. Secretary-treasurer Max Zaritsky, a none-too-ardent member of the C.I.O., first asked for "unity in the ranks of organized labor at all costs." But John L. Lewis, rejecting the Zaritsky stand, made it clear that: "Mr. Green can have peace if he rescinds the suspension order against the ten C.I.O. unions. The attitude of the C.I.O. is to go ahead in organizing the mass-production industries, with the AF. of L., if we can, and if not, without the federation." Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, backed this position, adding that unity can be achieved "only on one basis: that there be one organization to take up the challenge of the open shoppers, Liberty Leaguers, and other anti-union forces."

By the end of the united convention of hat, millinery, and cap workers, Zaritsky had drifted a good way from his original position. He proposed—after appraising the temper of his own union—that the rift be healed by allowing the suspended unions full voice at the Tampa convention, where the issue should be settled by the memberships of all unions, including the C.I.O. group, and that conferences between opposing factions should begin immediately. This proposal was backed by David Dubinsky and by Lewis himself, who repeated that revoking the suspension must be the first step toward peace. The A.F. of L. council agreed to appoint a committee to discuss peace but left matters in a deadlock by insisting that before the unions could be admitted to the Tampa convention the C.I.O would have to be dissolved.

THE international committee on non-intervention in Spain suddenly came to life when the Soviet Union presented a strong note accusing the fascist powers of violating the "neutrality" pact and claiming freedom of action if support of the rebels continued. Faced with evidence of their infringements of the agreement, fascist diplomats fumed and spluttered. The Portuguese delegate on the committee denounced the Soviet Union for its "act

Polakov

Townsend—He boosted Landon

of hostility," but did not answer the charges. The Italians and Germans blustered and threatened to ship more arms if the Soviet Union abandoned the committee. The British Foreign Office, irritated by Russian attempts to make the committee function, did its best to let the Soviet protest peter out in diplomatic banalities and interminable commissions of inquiry. But the Russians gave every indication of their intention to force the issue.

The military situation in Spain saw no decisive change during the week. While the rebels pressed a little closer to Madrid, they made no serious dent in its defenses and failed in their threat to cut the capital's railway communications with the southeast. With its food line intact, Madrid could in no sense be regarded in a state of siege. Government forces, reorganized under a tighter discipline, maintained a counter-offensive on Toledo, but continued to be handicapped by lack of elementary supplies of all kinds. Asturian miners succeeded at last in dynamiting their way into Oviedo, which was soon four-fifths in their possession.

The British Labor Party, holding its annual conference at Edinburgh, was called upon to make decisions on three vital questions, and in each case it took a reactionary turn by a three-to-one majority. It endorsed the National Government's policy of blockade against Spain, it rejected the British Communist Party's application for affiliation, and it voted in favor of British rearmament.

Sir Charles Trevelyan, sharply attacking the party's folded-arms policy with regard to Spain, offered the belief that in the event of a fascist assault on the Soviet Union, the party would show its sympathy by collecting money for "chocolates and bandages." Though nobody had any doubt about the reality of fascist intervention in Spain, the conference went no further than to ask the National Government to send arms to the legally constituted Spanish government if "inquiry" should show that the rebels had been receiving aid from abroad.

ANOTHER round in the war between Right and Left was staged in England and France, where fascist violence seems to be developing into a week-end habit. An anti-fascist demonstration held in the East End of London to celebrate the defeat of Sir Oswald Mosley the preceding Sunday was the signal for a fascist assault. Mosley, having failed to win a mass base for his movement, continued to resort to anti-Semitism and violence in order to provoke his opponents.

The Blum government again succumbed to fear of the Right by curtailing the number of Communist demonstrations planned, but the Communist Party held ten successful rallies in Alsace-Lorraine in spite of fascist threats to break up its meetings. Colonel François de la Rocque replied with threats of violence to the government's raid on his house and on the headquarters of his French Social Party. "It is said we are afraid of violence," he proclaimed. "If need be, we shall shed blood." The statement made it clearer than ever that the Social Party is merely a legal front for the old Croix de Feu and that the Blum government must hasten its dissolution for self-protection. Rumors of a fascist putsch this autumn, with French Morocco as a base, continued to gain currency.

The devaluation of the Italian lira proved embarrassing to Germany. As forty percent of the Reich's exports go to Italy, France, Holland, and Switzerland—that is, to all the countries that recently devaluated—the preservation of the overvalued mark promised to impose a terrible handicap on her already fettered export industry. On the other hand, devaluation would increase the cost both of imports and of the foreign debt service. Food queues were reported in all the large German cities and the Winter Help again prepared to provide relief for the employed as well as the unemployed.

By dissolving the Austrian Heimwehr, which after the settlement with Germany no longer had any function to fulfill, Dr. Schuschnigg succeeded in concentrating all of Austria's power in his own hands and in ridding the clerical-fascist dictatorship of rank-and-file pressure. Many Nazi workers, disillusioned by the truce between Schuschnigg and Hitler, were said to be rapidly drifting to the Left.

Celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Chinese Republic found a China more united and more determined than ever to resent the encroachments of Japanese imperialism. Chiang Kai-shek refrained from making a single major concession in the week's diplomatic negotiations with Ambassador Kawagoe. The United States entered the Far Eastern picture during the week when the British Government asked Washington and Tokyo to renew Article XIX of the Washington Treaty to avoid a mad race to fortify the Pacific. John Bull, his hands tied in the Mediterranean and western Europe, found himself interested in preserving the status quo in the Orient.

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Stiffening the Militia

Following the retreating People's Army, our correspondent tells how the rout was halted

By James Hawthorne

THE final offensive has begun. After a period of feasting for the pessimists, a famine of fascist hopes has set in. A strong column of Moors and Foreign Legionaries, having advanced from Estremadura to the walls of Madrid, must lay siege to the city with no hope of retreat if entrance is blocked. And so strongly is entry blocked that it might be good propaganda to invite a fascist commission to Madrid to view the capital's defenses.

Let there be no mistake: the fascist advance, which was really simply a loyalist retreat, was not the result of government superstrategy. It was due, largely, to the inability of green militiamen to withstand artillery and aerial bombardment in an open plain, so open that they were often subjected to machine-gun fire from low-flying planes. Continuous bombing and shelling reduced the unorganized columns to desperation. They shifted positions on their own; naturally, food, munitions, and ambulances often failed to locate them. They lost faith in the existence of a high command, of a military organization. By the time they retreated from Talavera, they were completely demoralized; they were in rout.

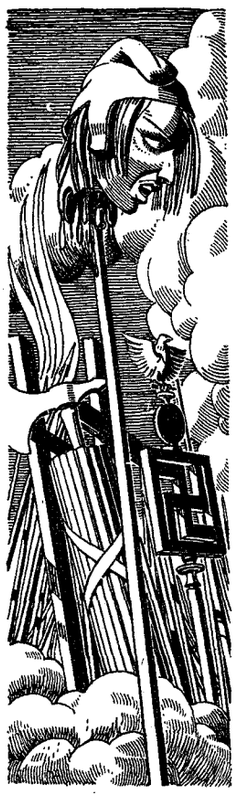
This may be an unpalatable truth, but truth it is. I saw that rout, and knew it for such, but was protected from pessimism by other knowledge. I knew that, underneath the surface of this chaos, political unification was at work to jog the pieces into place. I knew that nothing was wrong with the human material, and that unification could soon provide a war plan that would take into account the rawness of the militiamen. That same night the change took place. A single command was established and orders given to mobilize work battalions to dig trenches. Dug in, the militia can hold off the mercenaries indefinitely—or until they are bottled up and exterminated.

If the advance of the Moroccan hired hands was a military victory as far as Talavera, from there on it was a trap. There can be little question that the chemical magic of unification could have been applied a few miles earlier had it been so desired. But once the enemy had come so far, it was desirable to lure him into a position from which flood and flank attack could cut off his supply bases. Since any tyro, by a look at the war map, could see the danger of a flank attack from the government forces in the Guadarramas, or the possibility of a severance of communications miles further back on the Estremadura road, it is not to be imagined that the rebels ignored the danger. No doubt their desperation to possess the capital and reinforce their international position with the aid of Italy and Germany was a factor in their decision to attack Madrid.

What really led them into the trap, however, was inevitable destiny. There is nothing mystic in that. The political-social composition of the rebellion made it impossible for the military-fascists to anticipate the overnight creation of a regular army from the scared "rabble" they booted ahead of them for two hundred miles. Just as they underestimated the speed and intensity of the first popular mobilization against their betrayal of Spain, so did they wave aside the possibility of a sudden stand and counter-attack by the workers and peasants, bookkeepers and actors, farm laborers and doctors who compose the militias. It was socially impossible for them to understand that, unified politically, the "contemptible" common people could make a better army than their "glorious" foreign criminals of the Legion, mercenaries of the Riff denounced by their own people, religious fanatics of Navarre, parasitic landholders, and terrorized common soldiers. Unable to foresee such "miracles," they were without protection against the new regular People's Army with its single plan of action and unified command.

Nor could anyone without "doctrinaire eyeglasses"—without a boundless faith in the courage and resources of a people in arms inspired by an ideal—have believed that the demoralized, scared little Spaniards I saw struggling toward Santa Cruz de Retamar would be an unconquerable army two days later. The militia who have been drubbing the fascist finest in the Guadarramas are likewise small and slight, but somehow, in their blue overalls and with the brisk confidence their military experience has inspired in them, they hardly seem kin to the rifle-bearing civilians who limped across the fields and down the highway to Santa Cruz.

The latter had been running, withdrawing under fire, abandoning their positions without



Rockwell Kent

Spain

1873-1874

Out of the murk of heaviest clouds,
Out of the feudal wrecks and heap'd-up skeletons of kings,
Out of that old entire European debris, the shatter'd mummeries,
Ruin'd cathedrals, crumble of palaces, tombs of priests,
Lo, Freedom's features fresh undimm'd look forth—the same immortal face looks forth;
(A glimpse of thy Mother's face Columbia,
A flash significant as of a sword,
Beaming towards thee.)

Nor think we forget thee maternal;
Lag'dst thou so long? shall the clouds close again upon thee?
Ah, but thou hast thyself now appear'd to us—we know thee,
Thou hast given us a sure proof, the glimpse of thyself,
Thou waitest there as everywhere thy time.

WALT WHITMAN
from *Leaves of Grass.*

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waiting for the order to retire. They knew this, and there was shame in the general aspect of the disordered retreat. If this flight had no tragic consequences, it was because the government did not lack more experienced fighters, the new National Republican Guard, "Seguridad," and the Assault Guard to cover their retreat. At Quismondo these cool soldiers stayed until ordered to withdraw. Shells were falling a kilometer away. Maqueda, and with it the road through Torrijos (along the railway to Madrid) to Toledo, was lost. Navalmoral, Oropesa, Talavera, Santa Olalla, Maqueda, Torrijos: would the shameful rout never end? Would Madrid be abandoned just as easily?

The retreating militiamen were ashamed. But they were hungry, too. Discipline pinched the sheep and the goats alike. There were those who would not have fled, but alone, without munitions in some cases, they could only join in the withdrawal. There were those, the majority, who never having received a word of instruction, a word of explanation, could not comprehend a command that left them on barren hillsides unprotected from enemy shells and foreign bombers. When their dead were left to rot by their sides, when their wounded were unattended; when their rations did not come, they were convinced that there was no central plan, no central organization. Perhaps it was a mere oversight that they had been sent into this dangerous place. The sense of abandonment swelled into panic and they fled. Flight under fire cost many lives that calm could have saved, but panic does not reason; it has legs but no brain.

Our car broke down at Santa Cruz and we continued on foot to Quismondo. Beyond Quismondo, at little distance, falling shells warned against further exploration. Between Santa Cruz and Quismondo a trail of trucks, cars converted into ambulances, refugee wagons carrying the civilians evacuated from Quismondo, and hundreds of militiamen, told a story. The story of ruined morale, however, was better told by a blanket lying along the road; two spoons in the road itself. No one, with cold nights already here, had bothered to pick up the blanket. Someone in a truck had watched the spoons fall, and had not moved to pick them up.

I caught up with a group of eight militiamen. "Where are you going?" I asked. They were vague because they did not know the names of the towns between Quismondo and Madrid. Anyhow, they were going anywhere food was obtainable.

"Why don't you go back a few yards to Quismondo? The Assault Guards have food."

"But we have to get a *vale* from our comandante. He has to sign it."

Incredulous: "You mean that if your comandante is killed or lost in action, you can't get food?"

A new stall: "Our comandante is back there"—waving in the direction of either Santa Cruz or Torrijos. "We are going back there to reorganize."

"I suppose you got orders to retreat?"

"What orders?" Two of them were quickly confused and ashamed. "Why, man, what orders? They were advancing; we were eight left out of two hundred; we had no more cartridges. . . ." Several of them were wearing cartridge belts far from empty.

"What organization do you belong to?" I shot at the two more promising-looking boys.

"I belong to the Communist Party," said one. "Youth" (Unified Socialist Youth, affiliated to the Third International), answered the other.

"Communists don't abandon the front," I challenged. "Without an order to retreat, they stay there. We American workers, thousands of us, would be glad to be allowed to grab guns here. We'd be ashamed to hear that you are running away—oh, yes, you're running away."

They stopped. The "Youth" protested. "We're not afraid. But we've got to have leaders. Our captain is wounded; our lieutenant and the sergeant are we don't know where. We want to reorganize." He began to glow. "Let's go back to the Guards and reorganize. They are the only ones who stick out their necks [*que saben dar el pecho*]. We'll ask for a Guard for every group. They can be officers!"

"Salud, camarados! I'll visit you tomorrow in Talavera," I said, pleased with myself and

Through the Valley of the Shadow

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satisfied to see that they only needed encouragement.

While we were talking, another more ragged group, with the black and red of the C.N.T. and F.A.I. (the Anarcho-Syndicalists) passed. I hurried to catch up with them. As I drew near to the rear rank (they were badly straggled out), a rather big boy with a blond goatee and one of the big straw hats affected by the dyed-in-the-wool Anarchists turned his head dully to see who was walking so fast. As he turned a bullet dropped from his square leather cartridge case. He turned about, half stooped, and with a gesture that said "What the hell" in perfect charade, left it. I picked it up and put it in my pocket, hurrying forward to join a nondescript fellow who seemed to be doing all the talking. He, like two others, was carrying a dead rabbit while a fourth had a live chicken.

"Where are you going?" my ritual began, but I did not feel that there was anything amusing about it. They were even more evasive about it than the previous group had been. I wasted less time getting to the point.

"Do you have orders to withdraw?" The spokesman was most confused and defiant about it. The excuse—reorganization—was the same; but I was also aware of a different feeling, a stubbornness, almost an ugliness. "First we will eat."

"We are not going to stay out there and die like dogs, like bedbugs," one of them barked at me suddenly. The remark had no relation to the question I had asked.

"You are running like scared rats," I barked back. "You are afraid to die. A war isn't a pillow-fight."

"We're not running away," the first spokesman returned. "But we've got to join our company. We can't do anything by ourselves. . . ."

I pulled the bullet out of my pocket. "And this? Your comrade dropped this, saw it, and let it lie. Cartridges for the fascists! I tell you that means demoralization; you're scared. A man with *cojones* doesn't give up his cartridges, not one."

The talker stopped and said with an earnest, but I am afraid not entirely sincere, air: "That's wrong. No question about it. He didn't think. But we aren't afraid. We just want to reorganize."

"Why don't you go back to the Guards and reorganize?" I repeated for the tenth time.

"They said they can't give us food," he lied.

At this point we reached three dead militiamen lying by the side of the road. I had seen them on my way to Quismondo and reflected that they could have died there in only one way.

The ragged and bedraggled Anarchists halted. Two or three, in an advanced stage of demoralization, looked a second, registered nothing, and dragged on. "What's that?" inquired our leader with great curiosity but absolutely without understanding.

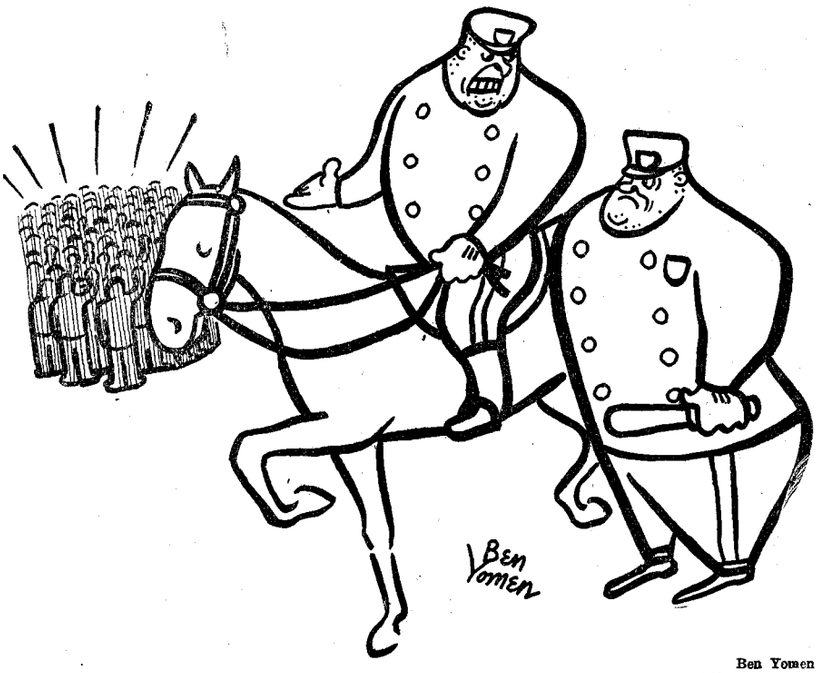
"Those are three cowards shot yesterday for desertion," my answer was pitched loud enough for the uniformed group well ahead of us to hear. I took advantage of the blow. "There has to be discipline," I explained glibly. "If every militiaman leaves his line when he pleases, a lot of boys are going to get caught in the flank. And we can't depend on the Guards fighting the whole front. That's why they've got squads in Santa Cruz, shooting the deserters."

The group didn't budge from the three ghastly corpses. Two with holes through the temple, one with an ugly red hole in his back —from an automatic pistol, surely; he must have tried to run away.

"Do you know what," our leader spoke up innocently but firmly. "We could go back to Quismondo and reorganize. It's nearer anyhow!"

As I continued my three-mile walk, I repeatedly met a small coach with the rear window blinded. It stopped wherever large numbers of stragglers were eating or resting or walking. Impromptu military instruction began. These were the officers of the general staff, turning back the deserters. Not so much to halt the retreat, as to begin the reorganization that unification would make possible the next day. All the familiar arguments were offered.

"You don't need your comandante's signature. Elect a *cabo* if you haven't one. Explain that he is your own choice in the absence of an officer. Let him sign for ten or eighteen dinners or whatever it is. No, you cannot leave the line without orders. When you leave you retire shooting, slowly, a straight line along the whole front. If you don't get orders you die there: that's what you joined the militia to do. But you won't die. If you stay there and shoot, they'll go back. They advance because they see that with a little thrust they can drive you away. Forward; that's enough talking; no, no more discussion. You know yesterday's story [*lo de ayer*]. You are one of four hundred? Bah! Then the other 399 ran some other way. A shell can't hurt you if you don't run. Don't you know how hard it is to hit a little mark with a cannon?"



Ben Yomen

"Now they're yelling for solidarity. What'll they want next?"

In Santa Cruz there were some two thousand more. The Joven Guardia Battalion, fine looking boys, were sitting gloomily in the sun. Some were eating bread and sausage. Others sat with folded arms, gloomy air. A sturdy but sullen-looking lad spoke up: "You all know the watchword. 'If they want to shoot one of us, he who shoots falls first.'"

This was dangerously near to mutiny. "Four days, and no food," he went on. "We don't budge from here until we eat."

A staff man came out of the tavern used for general headquarters. Trucks rolled out into the middle of the road. "Snap out of it," yelled the noncom. "Joven Guardia Battalion into the trucks for Torrijos!"

Someone must have ventured a question. "The food trucks are already on the way to Torrijos," he replied impatiently. "Get moving." The first ranks moved hesitantly, the rest came piling after. Mutiny had been averted.

NEVERTHELESS, it was necessary to shoot eleven more that afternoon. You can't make an army out of manikins. It's made out of men, all kinds, and it has a mission—to protect thousands of lives. A mission it can't fulfill unless it is an army. A people's army has something more than lives to protect. The Spanish People's Army, newly made, is protecting the progress of centuries against the fascist throwbacks of the Middle Ages. If it can be made and hardened to this world historic task with as little pain and death as this, the victory will have been purchased cheaply.

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To Miguel de Unamuno

Writing to a former Spanish revolutionist, the author charges a betrayal of humanity

By Ilya Ehrenbourg

MONSIEUR Miguel de Unamuno, professor at the University of Salamanca, ex-revolutionary and ex-poet, collaborator of General Mola—I wish, in this bitter hour, to speak to you as writers ought to speak to one another. Many times you have spoken with fervor of our profession. I also am proud of it: even now, after having read what you have written.

Five years ago I paid a visit to the village of Sanabria. There I saw peasants broken with hunger. They were eating acorns and the bark of trees. On the shores of the lake there was an inn. There I was shown the Golden Book, in which you had written some lines, Unamuno, on the beauty of the Sanabrian landscape.

You, Spaniard, professing to speak only of your love for the people, you have noted only the ripples of the water and the undulations of the hills. Your eyes did not rest on the women hugging to their breasts children half-dead from hunger. You were writing then, for all the yellow papers of Madrid, articles of a polished elegance. You have even written an article on hunger, consecrating a hundred lines to certain philosophical speculations. What, you asked, is hunger? Minutely you demonstrated that the appetite of a Mediterranean is not that of a Nordic, and that the hunger described by Hamsun has nothing in common with that described by Quevedo. To put it bluntly, you did not wish to soil yourself; you did not wish to take part either with the starving or with those who nourished them on hot lead. You desired to be a pure poet, a contributor to journals of large circulation.

FIVE YEARS have passed. All the scoundrels of Spain, the butchers, the inheritors of the Inquisition, the degenerate Carlists—all have provoked a war against the Spanish people.

And you, poet so enamored of Spanish tragedy, what have you done? You have opened your portfolio, in which are kept the rewards of your high reflections on hunger, and generously, like a true hidalgo, you have given 5000 pesetas to the murderers of your people.

You write, "I am desolated by the barbarism of the revolutionaries." You write this at Salamanca. Doubtless it is your custom to promenade beneath the arcades of the great square, which is very beautiful and justly merits your admiration for the style of the Spanish Renaissance. But as you thus walk slowly to and fro, have you not by chance observed the corpse of the deputy Manco, whom your friends have executed for the crime of defending culture against the barbarians?

Unamuno, you have spoken much of the nobility of the Spanish people. Yes, and I, too, humbly acknowledge this nobility. But it is not the butchers of Salamanca who have inherited: it is the workers of Madrid, the fisher-folk of Malaga, the miners of Oviedo who are the Spanish nobility.

I was at Oviedo in the spring. Already in the October of 1934, your friends had shown in what manner they respected the monuments of the past. In the belfry of a Gothic cathedral they had planted their machine guns. Today they have transformed the Alhambra of Granada into a fortress. Your protector, General Franco, has sworn that he is ready to annihilate half of Spain to obtain victory. He is modest, the good general! He says this in order not to disturb you too much: for truly, he is prepared to destroy the whole of Spain—so that he may claim to have subjugated its people.

You write, "An unhappy man, an illiterate man, speaks of Russia with admiration. But how can he know what Russia is, since he does not even know his own country?"

Yes, you are right: in your country there is much illiteracy. Who, then, is to blame for this if not the priests, the generals, and the bankers who for centuries have "governed" Spain? Now your country has awakened and seeks to come out of its dark ignorance; now the worker wishes to read and the peasants demand schools—and precisely now the Jesuits and the mercenaries flock to the bombing planes of Italy and Germany, the better to mow down their people.

When they captured Tolosa the rebels brought forth all the books of the public library and solemnly burned them in the great square. You, the generous Mæcenas—you have contributed 5000 pesetas, not for schools but for the destruction of learning. But do not distress yourself! God will return your 5000 pesetas with compound interest; for now your philosophical reflections on hunger will surely be read in Germany.

You have found, quite suddenly, words serviceable to your needs. No longer do you wisely discourse on roots and suffixes: you bless the executioners. This is what you call "defending culture." But in Spain there resides your old contemporary, the writer Pio Baroja. He was never a revolutionary like yourself; he did not like the Marxists. When I demanded of him why he had not attended the Congress of Writers for the Defense of Culture, he replied that he did not wish to get mixed up with politics. And then—he fell into the clutches of your friends. They wanted him to give his approval of the Carlists, executioners of workers. And Pio Baroja replied "No." Can it be that, in hearing of this, you did not blush for shame?

Well! Your road is not the road of Spanish writers. The poet Antonio Machado, scholar and lyricist, worthy heir of the great Jorge Manrique—he is with his people and against their butchers. The philosopher, Ortega y Gasset, who hesitated for a long time—he, too, in these critical hours, has turned against the rebel bandits. Ramon Gomez de la Serna has declared that he is ready to fight for the cause of his people. The young poet, Rafael Alberti, whom peasants saved from the hangman's noose of your defenders of culture—he also is fighting against the tinseled murderers. The writers have turned away from you—you, the fascist.

FORMERLY you wrote: "It is with the word that our ancestors created Spain; not the sword." Then you were defending the right to be impartial, the privilege of not taking part in struggle. But now the day has dawned when the pesetas with which your "word" has rewarded you are placed at the service of the "sword." I also am a writer, but I know that men achieve their happiness both with one and the other. Only, we do not take refuge behind poetic discussions; we have chosen our place in the fight. There is no longer such a person as a "neutral" writer: he who is not for the people is against them. He who today can speak of art for art's sake, tomorrow will slip his gold into the bloody hands of the generals. Hatred, like love, must be nourished. Your example will not be forgotten.

You have advised President Azaña to kill himself. President Azaña will remain at his post, like all the Spanish people, like the young girls of Barcelona and the old men of Andalusia. I shall not, in order to cleanse one page in the history of Spanish literature—I need not say, "Kill yourself, Unamuno." For you had already done so, on that day when you passed into the service of General Mola.

You resemble Don Quixote, and you have tried to be a Don Quixote. Seated in the Parisian cafe, La Rotonde, you summoned all the youth of Spain to the struggle against the generals and the Jesuits. Now those whom you called to battle are being killed by the bullets for which your pesetas have paid. No! You are not Don Quixote—not even Sancho Panza. You are one of those cynical old egoists who, from their protected chateaux, watched how the old knight was beaten by their faithful servitors.

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Coach Passengers Up Forward

The men who don't travel by Pullman find industrial unions and the labor party lively topics these days

By Sherman Graff

I DON'T know what they were talking about in the Pullman smoker, but in the day-coach smoker they were chewing the rag over industrial unionism.

The heavy Southern Pacific train pulled out of Reno at dusk and settled to the long grind east across the Nevada desert—Lovelock, Winnemucca, Elko—only three stops in three hundred miles. Back in the Pullmans the diner was doing a rush business, champagne corks popping for all I knew. And in the day coaches right behind the big engines, the passengers who had not grabbed a quick bite in Reno were dining on coffee and sandwiches bought from the strong-lunged train butcher.

It was a hot night, but the S.P. has put in air conditioning even for the humble two-cents-a-milers in an effort to win back trade from the buses. It wasn't too bad. Cool enough to sleep if you could find room to stretch out in and a little relief from the half dozen weary, squalling infants. A big *if*. I felt for my cigarettes and drifted back to the smoking cubby alongside the men's toilet. I wanted to hear what the great American people had to say for itself.

The smoker was crowded. The spittoon had been kicked over already. The floor was carpeted with cigarette butts as usual. Three or four empty wine bottles lay under the seats, and a couple more were going the rounds. Coming out of California, pocket flasks of sherry and muscatel take the place of whiskey. It's the cheapest known form of potable alcohol out there.

Rising above the clickety-click of the rails, the first thing I heard was this:

"I tell you, that Bill Green no dam good, never was no dam good. Right now, all workers got to stick together. What Bill Green do? Try make us scab on each other, fight each other. I tell you, we got to have industrial union—everybody work for one boss in same union and all stick together."

There was a little man holding down the floor, sawing the air with impatient gestures, struggling hard with his English. Every time the language would get the best of him, he'd jump up and pace the few steps between the seats to keep from exploding. Some kind of Scandinavian, for all he was such a runt—a Dane, I guessed. A little man with a bad limp, hands like the knots on a jackass oak, twinkling blue eyes behind old-fashioned steel-rim glasses, a few strands of straw-colored hair sticking up in all directions. Just a little working stiff with the scars from a thirty-years' battle with all the rough, tough jobs from El Paso to Seattle, preaching the old gospel that the workers must stick together to get anyplace.

He was still at it. He knew what he had to say was true and here were men willing again to listen. And they were listening, arguing back occasionally, illustrating the little Dane's sermon with anecdotes from strikes lost in Pocatello, Ogden, Cheyenne, Sacramento, last year or twenty years ago.

The thing they all got back to was the railroad shopmen's strike of 1922, when the trainmen kept on rolling the trains while the shopmen were carrying on one of the bitterest strikes ever known in the West. It ended in defeat that left them impotent and disillusioned for years.

The little man had a partner, a tall, awkward hill-billy of an American. He sat by the window, staring out into the night as it rushed by, saying nothing—until they started talking about the shopmen's strike. "You was in Ogden, you was in dat strike," his friend appealed to him. "Why we get hell beat out of us, tell me?"

The big man stirred, turned his eyes from the window. "Yeah, Karl, I was in that strike all right. Been on the blacklist ever since, too. The trainmen kept workin', that was bad enough, but we even scabbed on ourselves. All they told us was to stay out of the shops in our own division. No picket lines, no relief, nothing. So soon as the boys got hungry they started drifting to the next division and went scabbing. Them officers of ours thought that was smart doings, I guess. Why, goddam it, one time half the men from the Ogden shops was scabbing in Pocatello and half the Pocatello boys were scabbing down in Ogden. It's the God's truth."

William Hernandez

The little Dane almost exploded. "You s what I say!" He pointed to each one in t smoker in turn. "You stick, he stick, I stic all stick, we win! But you no stick, then no stick, nobody stick, see what happen!"

There was a fine-looking old Negro sittir in one corner quietly smoking a cigar. H hadn't said a thing, but when the Dane's a cusing finger picked him out, he looked up "Now, men," he said slowly, and with a lot of dignity, too, "what he says is truth. We don't stick together. I was working in the shops in Cheyenne in that very strike, and I didn't walk out. They said I was a scab and maybe I was. But I was past a middle-aged man then, and I was a colored man to boot. The union didn't like colored men too much. If I'd walked out with the other boys, where would I be now? I scabbed and I kept my job. Now in my old age I got a pension. I got a pass from the railroad to go out to Los Angeles and see my daughter. I don't know, did I do wrong or not?"

The little Dane looked at him kindly enough. "I know, brother," he said, "hard to stick when you t'ink nobody stick by you." Then he jumped up and circled the group again with his finger. "He Naygur, he Wop, he Jap, he American, I crazy Dane. But all work, all got eat, all got have clothes, all want wife and kids. I tell you, boss wants us fight each other, not fight him. All got to stick together, no Naygur, no Wop, no Jap, no Dane, no American, yust workers. Now that industrial union, that is good. Maybe now we all get together. I'm old man soon, but maybe I live to see all workers stick together, fight together, win together." He sat down and a slow smile wiped the anger out of his face. "Every man works is brother of me," he said.

The big man at the window turned away for a moment from searching the dark. "He's a good man," he said to me quietly. "Helped me bury my wife in Frisco last week. Makes a man lonesome. . . ."

I didn't hear the rest. Up ahead the fireman pulled the whistle for three long blasts that must have scared the coyotes clear down to the Arizona line. The trucks rattled a staccato over a switch and the lights of the first town for an hour flashed by—a gas station and a barroom outlined in red neon letters.

"Now you take it out there in Frisco," the man on the other side was saying. "We're beginning to get somewhere. I don't know but what we got some kinda industrial unions there now. He says we got to stick together,

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d he's right. I was driving truck out there d this summer the bosses was all set to lock t the longshoremen and bust up what they ll the Mar-i-time Federation. So Harry ridges come to our union meeting and says, ll you stick with the longshoremen? And e said yes, we'll stick and to hell with the ion fakers from Mike Tobin right down the ie. So when the bosses heard about that they lled off their dogs."

"That's right, that's right!" The little Dane as wound up again. "And de fif July fifteen ousand men from de waterfront march up arket Street and no cops nowhere. Why? ust to honor their two comrades got shot wn two years ago in the general strike. They ver goin' forget that, I tell you!"

DARK, good-looking young fellow was sitng across from me leaning back quietly on e dusty leather cushion. An Italian. American probably, but not one of the excitable kind. When the talk turned to the longshoremen killed in the San Francisco strike, he took the pipe out of his mouth.

"I don't know much about these unions," he said. "I'm a farmer—got a little hay ranch down in the San Joaquin. But I know one thing—they ain't got a right to go around killing men just for asking for more pay. I saw four men killed right in my home town. It was during the cotton-pickers' strike in 1934. A lot of the ranchers and foremen was carrying guns. They came riding into town—just surrounded the place where the strikers was trying to hold a meeting and started shooting. Those guys never had a chance. They said they was Red agitators there stirring up trouble. But the only people I saw making trouble was the ranchers."

"Yah!" the Dane said angrily. "Red agitators! They frame dose boys up in Sacramento and send 'em to San Quentin prison for fourteen year. Why? Yust for tryin' organize the fruit tramps, I tell you!"

"Well," the rancher went on, "I was standing there on the sidewalk one day. There was quite a crowd milling around. There was a fellow—he was foreman on one of the big ranches. He had a gun inside his shirt, anybody could see it. One of these agitators that they sent to jail was trying to keep things quiet. He hunted up the sheriff and told him about this gun. So the sheriff walked over to this foreman and says, 'You got a gun there?' and the foreman says, 'Yes, I got a gun.' 'Who are you?' the sheriff says, and this fellow says, 'I'm the foreman on the Townsend Ranch.'

"And the sheriff just walked away."

No one said anything. You could hear the gravel rattling against the window and one of the babies still crying up in the coach.

"You know what?" The rancher began filling his pipe. "The next day that fellow shot two strikers with that very same gun."

Marion Greenwood

THE MEN in the smoker didn't look shocked. A little bit grim, maybe. California casts a long shadow. There are 300,000 homeless families following the harvests in the Sunshine State. Their stake in the social system consists of ten-dollar Model T's and bug-ridden bed rolls. A few hundred big-scale farmers and wealthy landowners are banded together in "Associated California Farmers," or some such name, and tens of thousands of small farmers are caught between the devil and the deep sea, falling for the shrieks of the Hearst press, and sucked into vigilante groups to do the dirty work for the big boys. Violence and murder are too commonplace in such a situation to excite surprise.

THE RANCHER finished his piece. He said: "Lots of them little ranchers don't make a cent neither. When you got something to sell, you take what they give you; when you got to buy something, you pay whatever they say. This year I had two men during the haying—paid 'em two dollars a day. That ain't enough, but it's all I could afford. I wonder what it's all coming to."

The little Dane smiled at him. "Brother, we all in same boat. I tell you. Farmer and worker got to stick together, too. Got to have our own party, elect sheriff, governor, maybe. Then we get somewhere."

Everyone nodded assent. Many ideas of how it should be done, and a lot of them cockeyed, no doubt. But for a moment there was a solid feeling in that little group of men. Sticking together was the way to get somewhere, and it was time to start.

I WENT back to my seat in the coach and dozed a little. It was daylight when I awoke and the train was already in Utah. Across the aisle the little "agitator" had one of the bedraggled infants in his lap. He was trying to amuse it with an old Ingersoll at the end of a leather thong while its mother caught a little sleep. When he got off the train at Ogden, I said to him, "Good luck, comrade." He looked a little startled. Perhaps he thought I was kidding him, but he answered with a grin: "Good by. The workers got stick by each other, I tell you!"

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What's Wrong with Milk?

The farmers work from dark to dark for less than cost of production, the consumers are threatened with higher prices and possible infection. New York State practices have forced both groups to find a common solution

By Bruce Minton

A NEW YORK STATE dairyman with an average-size farm gets up at about five every morning, weekdays and Sundays, summer and winter, in the hot season or in the rain or snow or fog. With the help of his wife and son and daughter, or, if he can afford it, with the assistance of the hired man, he milks and feeds the cows, drives them out to pasture, and cleans the stables. Then the milk, in forty-quart cans, is piled on the truck and driven to the creamery several miles away. At the receiving platform, the creamery worker grabs the cans, weighs them, samples the milk, and hands the farmer a receipt. The company will inform the dairyman later how much milk he has delivered and the result of the butterfat test. The farmer doesn't get paid right off—if he's lucky, he'll get a check in two weeks, but more likely he'll wait a month or even six weeks. When the distributor finally notifies him as to the quantity of milk he has brought in, it is the wisest policy not to argue. If he does, the company informs him that he can go straight to hell and deliver to another plant—twenty or thirty miles away. The company is final judge of the result of the milk test, too. In the end, the farmer receives a good deal less than the basic price of $2.90 per hundred pounds of fluid milk—because milk is "classified," and that means that the producer is paid according to the use to which the milk is put (which has nothing to do with its quality). The distributor just says, "Well, you get $2.05 for your product," which is far below the cost of production, but that's hardly the distributor's headache.

After the milk is delivered, the dairyman returns to his farm. There's so much work. In the spring the land must be plowed and harrowed, the new crops planted. The harvest starts in summer, and that means haying, reaping, storing the crop in the barn. Corn must be cultivated, and as autumn approaches, it is cut and husked and the chopped stalks blown into the silo. The cows always need tending: one of them gets sick, or calves, or the herd must be cleaned and clipped. The manure must be hauled out and spread. When the farm is snowbound in winter, there is wood to cut, ice to bring in and store, the barn to repair and fences to patch, the stable to whitewash and the house to paint. So much for the farmer to do. Each night, the cows are milked again. It is dark when the farmer starts work, dark when he quits.

Soriano

Farmers don't eat well. They buy oleomargarine instead of butter—no time to churn their own and store butter is too dear. So are vegetables in winter, and fresh meat. In late autumn, the hog is butchered and cured for the winter months. No wonder farm children are sunburned and hollow-cheeked, tough-skinned and undernourished. Seldom does a farmer have cash in his hand—when he does, he turns it over to the store, or buys feed for the herd, or pays interest on the mortgage, or returns a loan, or makes a payment on the truck or farm machinery. No chance to buy much food or even to see a movie—there is money for such luxuries only once in a dog's age.

New York dairy farmers—milk is the state's principal product—demand higher prices for milk. They ask a living wage. They want more to eat, they want to raise healthy children and have a better life. Last month they were within two days of withholding milk; some of them from the northern part of the state felt that it was better to wait for a more advantageous moment. Meanwhile, farmers are seriously discussing the necessity of organizing themselves into an A.F. of L. union.

The drought brought the trouble to a climax. Not that the drought is the crux of the situation. It is only that the drought raised the price of fodder and reduced the productivity of the land. Farmers who usually pasture their herds during the summer months, are forced to buy feed—at $15 a ton for hay which normally costs $10, with the prospect of paying $20 for it before the winter ends. Grain is now $42 a ton instead of $25. The farmer must borrow to buy, increasing his already oppressive indebtedness.

In Accord, in Ulster County, a farmer sat at the kitchen table, shook his fork at me: "You see, I have thirty head of cattle. I'm like a manufacturer. If I had more raw material, I could keep more cows. The yield of the land determines the size of my output.

"Now a cow needs two ton of hay a year. Normally, I produce enough. But with the drought I can do one of two things: sell some of my cows or buy fodder. With many others forced to sell, I can't get a decent price for the cows. Even more important, it takes two and a half to three years to raise a cow before she gives milk. I'm continually trying to improve my herd by mating. I can make a profit only if I have the best stock available. The herd represents years of labor and a heavy investment. So I decide not to break up the herd but to buy fodder. From that moment on, I'm in trouble, because I'm not making sufficient money to afford feed. That's why we talk strike. We want a fair price for our milk."

THREE YEARS AGO, the depression caused a drop in milk consumption. The big distributors, faced with a falling demand, decided to squeeze out the small independents and dominate the market for themselves. The National Dairy Products Co. and Borden cut prices, until at one time the farmer received 1½ cents a quart or 60 cents a hundredweight. But the small distributors also lowered their prices. The farmers held the bag. That fall they struck.

The refusal to deliver milk was met with violence, intimidation, the Red scare. State troopers tear-gassed and beat pickets. Finally the state promised to rectify conditions. The farmers called off the strike and waited. An "investigation" of huge distributor profits was cursory enough to prove nothing. The state set up a Milk Control Board which named minimum prices to be paid farmers and the minimum price at which milk could be sold to consumers. The big companies continued to rake in enormous profits—passing on the higher price paid farmers to consumers.

The state also ruled that farmers be paid according to nine classifications of milk. The top price for fluid milk was based on butterfat content. The standard was set at three percent butterfat; for each one tenth of one percent above or below this norm the farmer received four cents more or less per hundredweight. The surplus milk—that which was not sold in fluid form—was bought according to classification. These classifications have nothing to do with the quality of the milk—

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merely the use to which it is put. Milk that went into the manufacture of cheese received a low price, far below that for fluid milk. The price range for all classifications, including milk used to make ice-cream, butter, evaporated or powdered milk, etc., brought the farmer far less than fluid milk.

That was the catch. Whereas the Board set a price of, say, $2.70 per hundredweight on fluid milk, the price for other classifications was a great deal less. The big companies arbitrarily told the farmer that out of his total deliveries, such and such an amount was used for cheese, while so much went into ice-cream or butter or condensed milk. When the farmer finally got his check, two to six weeks after delivery to the creamery, he received less than $2 a hundredweight. Furthermore, he had no way of checking on what the distributors actually did with his milk, or how accurate their accounting was. Nor could he check the weights credited to him on deliveries, or the results of butterfat tests. He had to accept blindly all company figures and he knew very well he was being systematically cheated. Moreover, on every quart of milk he paid freight to New York City, although his sales indicated that a large proportion of his milk had been made into cheese. The cheese factory was only a few miles away. The company pocketed the freight charge as so much gravy.

This summer, farmers appealed to Governor Lehman, and asked the Milk Board to raise the price to $3 a hundredweight and to cancel the classification system. They pointed out that so long as classifications remained in effect, the companies could pay any price they saw fit to pay. The farmers demanded a $3 minimum price no matter what use the milk was put to. Governor Lehman and the Milk Board (so close to the big distributors) stalled, hoping to break up the threatened strike move. Lehman warned that he would consider a strike illegal and fight it with state troopers. The Board finally "raised" the price of fluid milk to $2.90 a hundredweight and reduced the classifications from nine to six. The farmers objected that they still had to trust the companies for whatever return they might receive. The $2.90 price was illusory because so long as classifications remained in effect, no farmer knew what he would get for his milk, except that it would be a great deal less than $2.90. What the Board had done, they said, was to substitute a sieve with six holes in the place of one with nine—but the new sieve had larger holes.

Near Little Falls, a farmer explained his objections to me: "It's like if I ran a hotel. I go to the butcher and say, 'I'll take that slab of meat and pay you for it next month. I'll do the weighing of it and then let you know how much it comes to. I'll pay you according to what I use the meat for. If I make sirloin steaks out of it, you'll get such and such a price. If I use it for pot roast, you'll get less. If I chop it into hamburger, you'll get still less. You'll find out when I tell you next month.' Now do you think the butcher would sell to me on that basis? Not a chance. But that's exactly what classification means to us farmers."

Onslaught of Retreat

Retreating by roads
Between the guarding fences
While herds grazed peacefully.

We left our mired guns,
Food trucks and caissons
At the first ford.

Without panic sacrificing
To sheets of rapid fire
From planes swooping.

After the first attack,
The first of slaughter,
The shell screech,
And opening terror.

On the way back silenced
Vociferous sergeants.
The second line, marching,
Crossed in swing.

Homeward headed and puzzled
The enemy blindly pursuing.
That night we rested
In tired groups.

Counted our losses
Not for replacement
To be shot again.

And entered our town
And took it;
Imprisoned the council
And welcomed enemy.

Who entered surprised
To join with us
Over beer in the warm morning;
And stayed to help plow
The crust of our new soil.

ALVIN FOOTE.

★ ★ ★

Two Plain Jewish Farmers

STANLEY AND FELIX PISECK live on their farm near Newport, in the middle of the state. They headed the 1933 strike. Once again they lead the fight of dairy farmers for a just price for their labor.

When I knocked, Felix Piseck, secretary of the New York state federation of milk producers (his brother is president), came to the door, asked me to make myself at home. He would be glad to answer any question.

"We have the support in our present struggle of from 40,000 to 50,000 farmers," he began. "We want a living wage. We *know* that we can get a higher price and yet the consumer can buy his milk at a cheaper price. This is a joint fight, consumer and farmer against the big companies and the Milk Board. We want above all to eliminate the classification system."

"What does milk cost the farmers to produce?" I asked.

"We figure it this way," Piseck said. "Without any profit, milk costs the farmer $2.59 a hundredweight. A fair profit raises it to $2.79. This summer we were getting $1.45, in July, $1.56, in August, $2.05. Less than cost of production, to say nothing of making a profit. That means the farmer can make no replacements or improvements, that his standard of living has dropped to the very minimum, that his children are undernourished. While he suffers, Borden and Sheffield bring uninspected milk into New York from Wisconsin and Michigan—to keep the price down. This outside milk they use to create a surplus, so that they can argue that there is too much milk produced, and they can use this bugaboo of surplus to keep the classification scheme in effect. Well, they'll be responsible for a strike if they force us to take such action."

They are both big men, the Piseck brothers, well over six feet, broad-shouldered, sturdily built. Years ago, their parents came to this country from Poland and settled in Peru, Ill., where Felix and Stanley were born. The boys, who have always farmed, went through high school and to Illinois University. Felix played football, Stanley wrestled. When the war came, Felix enlisted with the marines, but Stanley couldn't get in because he was hard of hearing. After the war, their father staked them to land near Utica. They have been there ever since, increasing their land, increasing their herds. But depression cut into their ability to earn a living on milk. The brothers organized farmers locally. The movement grew. Out of it came the 1933 strike. "We learned a lot last time," Felix said. "To me, it's as plain as daylight what we need. I can still remember the Illinois miners back home. When they got a union, they improved their conditions. That's what we farmers need—an A.F. of L. union."

"What does the farmer expect from the Republicans and Democrats?" I asked.

"Well," Felix stared at his shoes. "You see, the Republicans are for us when they're not in office and so are the Democrats. Put them in office, and what happens? Take Lehman—he says we can't strike. Well, it's our milk and it's our strike. Next election you'll see a farmer-labor ticket, sure as God made little apples. I'm all for it. Then we'll get real representation for farmers and workers."

He stood up. "One thing we mean to get—complete abolition of the classification plan. Governor Lehman can rave all he wants, but we're going to fight this thing through. In the last holiday, state police attacked peaceful men, women, and children. If we strike this

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time and the state uses violence I'm fearful of the consequences. But we're in this to stick, and we're sticking until we win."

APPROXIMATELY 40,000 farmers belong to the Dairymen's League, which started in 1916 as a coöperative. The members own stock in it and from it Borden buys all its milk. The League is a coöperative only up to the point of distribution; then it sells to the large companies who retail the milk privately. While the Dairymen's League handles sufficient milk to control the New York City market, it in no way competes with the big distributors. Officers of the League, dedicated to class collaboration, are proficient apologists for the immense profits of distributors, so much so that farmers charge them with being lackeys of Borden. Though the League obtains no better prices for its membership than the farmer could get from selling independently, the officers favor "conciliation." As one official said to me, "We want higher prices, naturally. But the drought affected all living costs, why shouldn't it affect milk? Classification prices cannot be eliminated. It's a matter of raising the price to the producer and letting the consumer pay."

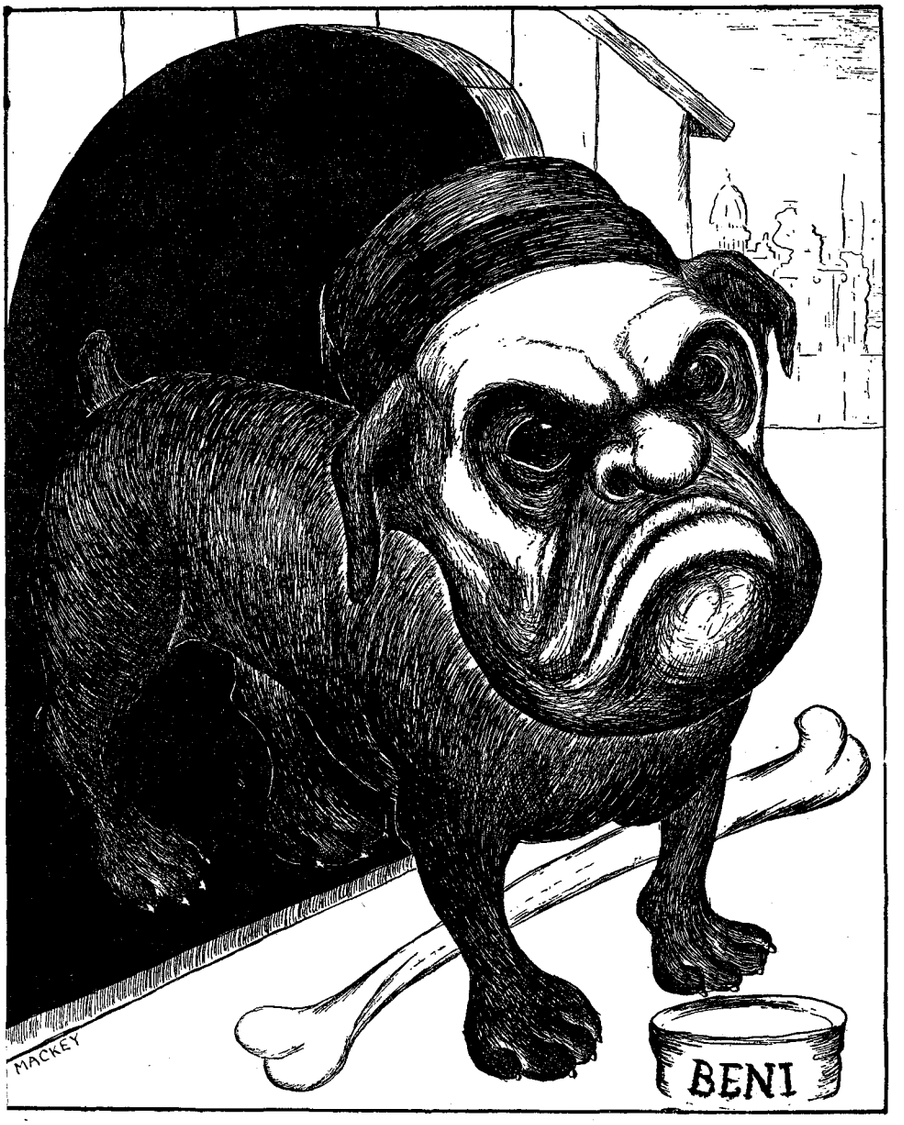
The officialdom of the League resembles the A.F. of L. bureaucracy—given to compromise even at the expense of its own membership, dreading any struggle, desiring to be the "friends" of the bosses. It contends that the big companies can't afford a rise in price. Of course, National Dairy made almost six million dollars profit in the first six months of 1936, which is about twice the amount earned last year; of course, it showed about nine percent profit on its watered-stock capitalization. The president's salary amounted to $108,680, and nine other important officers received from $35,000 to over $60,000. Borden prospered in a like manner. Yet the Dairymen's League worries more over distributors' profits than over the price that farmers receive, or the cost of milk to the consumer.

MILK, both the farmers and consumers contend, is a public utility and not an article for speculation and manipulation to be looked upon as merchandise designed to bring profits to large corporations. When a month ago the Milk Board raised the price to producers, Borden and National Dairy passed the increase on to consumers—and incidentally made five cents per hundredweight on the deal. New York consumers, organized into the Milk Consumers Protective Committee, struck and refused to buy. They forced Mayor La Guardia to publicize the availability of eleven-cent milk. The strike proved so successful that the big distributors reëstablished the former price. Consumers have come to realize the importance of higher prices to the farmers, who in turn insist that retail prices are not raised. The distributors are fought from both sides. At present, milk in New York City retails for more than it does in Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston—for more than consumers pay in any large eastern city. The price to the farmer is lower. A producers' strike, supported by the refusal of consumers (who have already proved their power) can go a long way toward correcting this abuse.

Actually, the solution rests in the ability of farmers and consumers to build a real coöperative, a coöperative that will eliminate profiteering corporations and bring milk directly into the city to municipal pasteurization plants from where it can be distributed. That remains the goal. The first step is to establish a price of $3 a hundredweight to the farmers, to eliminate the vicious classification system, and to fix consumer cost at the reasonable figure of ten cents a quart.

Farmers and consumers fight together. The producers promise, in the event of a strike, to provide adequate milk for children, hospitals, for every immediate health necessity. Any attempt to break the strike by importing milk from neighboring states—as has already been threatened—would endanger public health. These outside states do not live up to the rigorous New York inspection requirements; it is impossible to institute such standards in a short time. Importation of milk would be an attempt to break the strike at the risk of spreading tuberculosis, typhoid, and other diseases.

Milk is a basic food. The farmer, working from five in the morning to after sunset, demands the right to live, to provide his children with proper food, and to rid himself of debt. The consumer demands that he be able to buy milk (for which there is no adequate substitute) at a reasonable price. Farmers and consumers have formed a united front, a unique one in America. In essence, they are fighting the age-old battle. Usually it is called the fight for bread.



UNNATURAL HISTORY—VII

The famous Roman bulldog (*Puggi mussolini*) is here shown in his characteristic pose as a watchdog. This creature is believed by qualified researchers to be a direct descendant of the animal which gave rise to the famous Latin by-word *Cave canem,* "beware the dog." Another old saw, which can in no way be associated with this animal is "His bark is worse than his bite." He seems to show increasing signs of constitutional madness, but it cannot be hydrophobia, since recently the creature has shown persistent evidences of wanting to possess the Mediterranean Sea. His chief drawback as a watchdog is inability to remember the boundaries of his own back yard.

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NEW MASSES

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★

"Let Us Act Now!"

THE reaction everywhere follows a peculiar logic. In Spain, for example, it was the fascists who took the initiative in the armed conflict. It was they who, cynically, aggressively, assaulted the legal government elected by the overwhelming majority of the people. Then, having drenched Spain in Blood, the fascists put on an air of injured innocence. The press of the world is flooded with atrocity stories, invented out of whole cloth; and the Hitlers and Hearsts have the gall to speak of the republic's defenders as if these had been the aggressors in the war between democracy and fascism.

Now the Hearst papers are bursting with apoplexy because the Soviet Union is building a navy adequate for its defense. Believe it or not, the Soviet Union wants a bigger navy in order to attack the United States. "When that day comes," the Hearst papers say, "God pity the United States."

It takes no special insight, of course, to know that the Soviet Union has no intention of attacking the United States. Indeed, it has no intention of attacking any country. In its entire existence of ~~twenty~~ 18 years, Soviet Russia has not invaded any foreign soil, or sought any colonies or made any warlike gesture. On the contrary, of all the governments in the world, the Soviet government has been the most consistent and the most persevering in the pursuit of peace. The entire power of victorious socialism in the Soviet Union, all its political, military, economic, and cultural resources, serve the cause of peace. The October revolution emancipated the peoples of the czarist colonies; Soviet representatives at the League of Nations have without letup made feasible disarmament proposals which the capitalist nations have evaded; the sale for a pittance of the Chinese Eastern Railway was an object lesson of the extent to which the Soviet regime will go to avoid armed conflict.

The three countries which have been conducting a violent and relentless drive toward war are all dominated by extreme reaction. Italy has actually fought a war of aggressive conquest against Ethiopia. Japan has invaded and continues to threaten China; Germany's march into the Rhineland was an aggressive step. And the direct military aid which fascist Germany and Italy are giving the rebels in Spain can only be described as war against the republic.

If the fascist aggressors succeed in setting fire to the world, we shall not be able to say that the catastrophe was unexpected. Actions speak louder than words, and day in, day out, the actions are there. Japan's proposal of the "mild general principles" to China at the point of a bayonet *means* war; German and Italian airplanes in Spain *is* war.

William Sanderson

But for those who cannot or will not read the meaning of actions, even the words are there.

Time and again Moscow warned the peoples of the world that Nazi Germany was preparing to attack the Soviet Union. It got to be a joke among the correspondents; the most sympathetic got into the habit of saying that the Russians were O.K. except for their war "monomania."

Hitler's speech at Nuremberg settled that point. "If I had the Ural mountains," the Führer shouted, "if we had the Ukraine, then Nazi Germany would be swimming in prosperity! I am not in the fortunate position of the Soviet Jews. Nevertheless, the problems of Germany must be solved! There is no such thing as saying it cannot be done! . . . We will conquer in the sign of the swastika."

It is only the Hearsts who pretend (half the time only, of course) that what goes on in Europe or in Asia is no concern of ours. By this time it is perfectly obvious that a war would be world-wide. Peace, as Maxim Litvinov wisely put it, is indivisible; and the aggressive actions of Germany, Italy, and Japan directly affect America and Americans. No pious phrases about minding our business can possibly confine a major conflict to any restricted area of the globe; the modern world is too closely knit together by a million threads for any such simple solution. America can be kept out of war *only* by keeping war out of the world; and if recent events, from Shanghai to Addis-Ababa to Toledo to Nuremberg mean anything, they mean that the struggle for peace must of necessity be a struggle against fascism.

"Let us act now," the English poet C. Day Lewis exclaims in a plea for the people's front which appears in the current issue of *Left Review;* "let us act now, before it is too late, throwing off our parochialism and political apathy in the interest of the civilization we have helped to build and can help to save."

And in the United States, too, the issue of the people's front is becoming acute. For unless we succeed in building a powerful nationwide Farmer-Labor Party, unless we broaden and strengthen organizations like the American League Against War and Fascism, unless *all* progressive and labor groups opposed to war and fascism unite and solidify and exert their power for democracy and peace, we shall be overwhelmed by savagery and darkness.

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READERS' FORUM

Will Mr. Thomas send us a reply?—Harvard and Soviet scientists—More fan mail

● I have read with amazement Norman Thomas's telegram to President Roosevelt protesting the arrest of Earl Browder at Terre Haute on the ground that it "advertises Communism and disgraces America." Exactly what does Mr. Thomas mean by this very New York *Times* phrase? Is Communism a crime wave that had best not be encouraged by too much publicity? Is Earl Browder a Dillinger whose example might influence susceptible young minds? How does it benefit the cause of socialism (as distinct from the Socialist Party) to encourage the capitalist world in its traditional attitude that the Communist Party is politically taboo? Does not Mr. Thomas know that the Communist Party earned this taboo by committing the unmentionable crime of *realizing* socialism in the Soviet Union instead of politely talking about it? In 1930, on the occasion of a particularly brutal attack by the New York police on a Communist demonstration at Union Square, Mr. Thomas was moved to an outburst of protest very much in the same vein as his present one. He wrote to Jimmy Walker chiding him for "gratifying the Communist craving for making martyrs." But that was in 1930, before Mr. Thomas had become the intransigent revolutionist that he now claims to be—before he had "changed his line," to use his favorite irony. In 1936, when, by his own admission, he is the only revolutionary candidate in the field, such an attitude on his part is inconsistent, to put it mildly. Mr. Thomas is welcome to try on the mantle of Lenin and see whether it fits him. But he cannot wear the mantle of Lenin and the silk hat of respectability at the same time. Nor can he in one breath denounce the Communists as mere reformists helping Roosevelt preserve the capitalist system and insinuate that they should be shunned by respectable people as political outlaws.

ALTER BRODY.

"Democracy" in Illinois

● The Illinois Department of the American Legion held its convention late in August. Somebody suggested the brilliant idea that the Communist Party must be kept off the ballot. The judge advocate got the assignment.

The legionnaires (the Matt Murphy crowd, not the rank and filers) had reason to be nervous. The Communists were raking in the signatures in a drive that swept into every company-dominated small town of Illinois. In towns ruled body and soul by a combination mill owner-mayor-Republican boss, like Henry, Ill., the Communists obtained worker votes by the hundreds. Two weeks' loyal sweating by miners, carpenters, office workers, got the 25,000 signatures needed to put the party on the ballot. The requirements of the law were met.

No wonder the Legion chieftains saw Red spots. The whole durned state looked thataway to Mr. Hearst and Mr. Murphy.

Fifty-five counties gave a full quota of 200 and more. Sixty-five counties gave signatures. Cook County turned in 17,000. And this despite another quaint provision of the law that nobody who voted in the primary election could change his mind and sign a petition. The primaries, incidentally, brought out a bigger vote than any "off year" election ever has in Illinois.

The Communist petitions were filed ahead of time. That ended timeliness in the affair. The Legion advocate, Mr. Kinnare, filed an illegal "objection" by telegraph to get under the wire. It said "please accept this as an objection"—details to be filed later. The Electoral Board told the Communist candidates to come down Friday, September 25, and hear about it.

The candidates and their lawyers went down and protested that the objections were contrary to law; that the law was contrary to the constitution; that the electoral board was incompetent to decide because its members were candidates for reëlection. The Board thought it over for half a day and decided it was disqualified.

That was the fifth and last legal day for hearing objections. But legality is no hallmark of Illinois politics.

Next day three Superior judges sat as an electoral board and heard it all over again in defiance of the law. They decided that Communists had no right on the ballot, because several county clerks sent in statements saying that signers of the petition had voted in the primaries. The Legion collected enough of these unsworn statements to reduce the number of qualified counties below fifty.

The Communist Party appealed to the U. S. District Court. Judge Briggle denied an immediate order to restore the party list, and set a hearing for Friday, October 2, when he heard the arguments of the Communist Party's lawyers and the legionnaires. He denied the party's plea on the ground that no federal law had been transgressed.

Next step—U. S. Court of Appeals, then, the "nine old men" in Washington.

The Communist Party is a working-class party, and, like the working class, doesn't have much money. It takes money to talk to a judge. The Illinois Party has spent $10,000 and faces $4000 debts for such expenses as the great gathering scheduled to hear Browder, Ford, and Foster Nov. 2 in the Chicago Stadium. Send funds to Jack Martin, 208 N. Wells St., Chicago.

HAYS JONES.

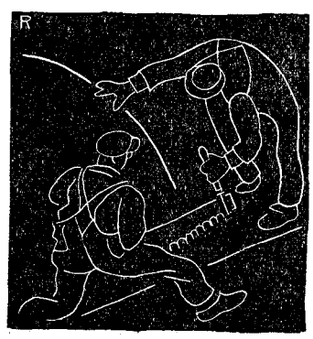
Olde Englisshe Obscurantism

● In the September 29 issue of the NEW MASSES the article by John Darrell, "Harvard's Tercentenary," contains an error. Actually six Soviet Universities were invited to send delegates to the Tercentenary, and Harvard issued a special invitation and intended to award an honorary degree to I. P. Pavlov, the eminent Soviet psychologist. Unhappily Pavlov died before the celebration. . . . Naturally the Committee for the Tercentenary considered that Harvard had been slighted by the Soviet universities and it is unfortunate that the NEW MASSES should have added to the insult by claiming that no such invitations were ever sent out.

One explanation for this negligence on the part of the Soviet Universities is that they did not understand the invitations. These were printed in an elaborate and formal early English type and they were couched in terms which would be clearly understandable only to a student of American colonial history. Furthermore it was not very clear that the documents were invitations and in fact the wording was such that to a Soviet scholar they probably seemed more like notices from a religious institution. The actual invitation did not appear until page 3.

It is unfortunate that this confusion has resulted, but certainly Harvard deserves the credit for having attempted to establish cultural relations with the Soviet Union.

WM. O. FIELD, JR.,
American Russian Institute.



John C. Rogers

More on How You Like Us

● I enclose $1 for a twelve weeks subscription. I have read a few numbers of the NEW MASSES and I believe that I shall never be able to remain without it. I treasure the memories of two brilliant weeklies of the past: the *Masses* and the *Freeman*. Your present periodical seems to be a worthy successor.

M. I.

● I like the recent changes very much, but I think that twice as much space should be given to Conning the News.

W. F. M.

● I want to ask for more Robert Forsythe. I find his articles one of the most attractive features of the magazine. . . . The last article on the Spanish situation ["The Road from Rome," September 29] was an acid-etched picture. . . . I don't like the pontifical perorations on literary criticism in the Readers' Forum. If the contribution is good enough to be an article then print it as such. The Readers' Forum should be a letter-box where otherwise mute readers can exchange experiences. . . . I'd like to see more articles of general interest—recent advances in technology, as, for instance, aviation, radio, streamlining. . . . Let's become conversant with genes, protons, and heavy water. And intelligent consideration of athletics. . . . I love you and think you're by far the best magazine in the country.

F. E. K.

● Congratulations on your September 15 issue. It's a great improvement over your old format. Lots of luck. I like, especially, the enlarged Between Ourselves page, Conning the News, the new editorial page and the featuring of your lead article by Dutt.

May I make a few suggestions? Shouldn't the items in the Conning the News section be separated better, by a wider space, a headline, or a design of some sort between the various items? Do you intend to include an occasional article on the radio in the Sights and Sounds division? It would be a good idea. Milton Howard's bit on Shakespeare was very enjoyable. More long articles like this would improve your Review and Comment division, I think.

V. R.

● For the past few weeks I have been meaning to write and tell you what a fine job the new NEW MASSES is. I used to see copies occasionally, but not until the recent changes took place did I feel that my week was incomplete without the magazine. . . .

The list of things I like about the magazine would cover several pages, but there are a few which deserve particular mention:

1 Between Ourselves.

2 Much of the art work and cartooning; Mac and Gardner Rea's simple line drawings—mar the sentiments and captions of the other pie so far superior to the drawings.

3 Conning the News.

4 Readers' Forum—let's by all means, the interesting debates.

5 The editorial page.

6 Book reviews—especially, in the currer [September 29], Bendiner's splendid ess Thomas.

7 Sights and Sounds: screen, art (let us where we can acquire pieces within the ra our pocketbooks), music, theater, and radio— of regular radio features might begin with S say, and run through the week.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Revolution in Spain and France—Backward with Stanley Walker—Palme Dutt's new book

EVERY believer in the cause of freedom and the future of western civilization is passionately interested in the civil war rocking the millenial foundations of Spain. Since the triumph of the People's Front or its defeat would have formidable consequences, it is no wonder that there is an alignment of the forces standing for a better world on one side and reactionaries of all compositions on the other. If in the past there was doubt as to the meaning of the fierce opposition of the traditionalists of Spain, we now know that Gil Robles, the Salamancan professor of jurisprudence, the ruling spirit of clericalism in Spain, through well-thought-out tactics precipitated the gory rebellion started in coördinated measures by the Spanish army. It cannot any longer be a surprise to hear that he is signing checks for the Rebels in Fascist Portugal.

Though no one disputes the importance of the Spanish insurrection in terms of Spanish history and world politics, very few people in this country can give an intelligent account of what is at issue in the war carried on by the civil population of Spain against the parasitic army supported by Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany. The newspaper reports, even in the N. Y. *Times,* are meager, contradictory, and more often than not emanations from the Spanish fascists. *Spain in Revolt,* by Harry Gannes and Theodore Repard (Knopf, $2), is the first analysis of the immediate and remote causes giving rise to the present situation. It is amazing how tellingly the authors have used the periodical literature appearing in the last six years on both sides of the ocean. What distinguishes this book is its Communist approach, and thanks to the Marxian technique for grasping world events in terms of dynamic economics, the weltering mass of Spanish politics acquires clarity. The book has one chief defect: a regrettable hustling through of Spanish history prior to the proclamation of the second Spanish Republic on April 14, 1931, which prevents a coherent summary of Spanish history, and allows errors to mar the early pages. But if the first eighteen pages or so subtract somewhat from the book, the greater portion of the work is solid.

To understand the fight to create a modern
in, dedicated to a new type of universalism
the basic philosophy that the good life
possible unless it arises out of the eco-
well being of the masses, we must re-
the Spanish struggle, with its possible
aftermath, as the first real attempt to
late the feudalism of Spain. In 1898, the
ants of the Spanish Empire, inaugurated
e Catholic sovereigns Isabella and Ferdi-
, were scrapped by American imperialism
e last act of a process of three centuries
ıg which European rapacity and modern industrialism had combined to disintegrate it. The so-called "generation of 1898"—intellectuals like Unamuno, Ortega y Gasset, Azorin, etc.—valiantly tried to dissolve, with the acids of modern criticism, the Catholic ideology which has with its sacramentalism sterilized the creative energies of the wonderful people of Spain. They continued the work of the heterodox thinkers of Spain who from the sixteenth century on attacked the ideology of the church. Up to the present it has been impossible, however, to effect the fundamental *liquidation* of the social structure favoring the predominance (and secured by the alliance) of an obscurantist church, an incorrigibly Bourbon army with its incessant intervention in the civil life of the country, and the landlord group who have kept Spanish farming primitive and the cultivators of the soil in poverty and ignorance.

The most successful sections of *Spain in Revolt* are those treating of the anonymous masses of Spain desperately trying to secure from their leaders revolutionary changes, not piecemeal reforms. It was during the "black biennium," November 1933 to February 1936, that the revolutionists and progressives learned that no new Spain could emerge without concerted action. The People's Front was formed a year or so after the horrible suppression of the Asturian miners by Moroccan troops brought in by Lerroux and Gil Robles. The Asturian miners, with unexampled suffering and heroism, showed how the Iberic qualities of fearlessness, stoicism in facing death, and stern will could be put to the service of a modern Spain freed from its moribund past.

Hearst Press Fritz

Spain in Revolt is very satisfactory because it is cognizant of the focal issues at stake. It clearly presents the structure and function of the institutions and organisms mobilized against the People's Front — the Catholic church, the army, and the feudal property owners—the political events before the triumph of the Leftists in the February elections, and the subsequent sabotage and provocateur tactics of the defeated Rightists. The miraculous unification of all the Socialists, Communists, Anarcho-Syndicalists, Left Republicans, and the regionalists' parties of Catalonia and the Basque Provinces becomes understandable in the light of what happened in the black biennium. With the declaration of the civil war, the Spaniards represented by the People's Front threw themselves like lions into a struggle the outcome of which will mean either the creation of a genuinely modern Spain or [illegible] of Iberic fascism in alliance with Italy and Germany, the sworn enemies of [illegible] and Communist Russia.

PEDRO GRULLO.

Sex in the City Room

LADIES OF THE PRESS, *by Ishbel Ross. Harper & Bros.* $3.75.

MISS ROSS merits all the applause she has received for her first-rate reporting. Her work must be referred to by anyone wishing to explore the last half-century of American journalism. It is because of this that I feel compelled to define its viewpoint.

In this book a has-been who danced with Edward of England and romantically refused to write the story à la tabloid fills ten pages. But Mary Heaton Vorse, whose by-line is a landmark in labor journalism and was displayed in the Scripps-Howard press quite recently, barely squeezes in. Dorothy Dix covers almost five pages—Anna Louise Strong, one paragraph. Extolled at length are Dorothy Thompson and Anne O'Hare McCormick, "two of the finest products of journalism." But the chapter on foreign correspondents omits another who belongs even under the pettiest criterion of reputation, as well as because she is a fine artist, a pioneer in what will be the great tradition of tomorrow's journalism. I refer to Agnes Smedley, former China correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung,* whose life story struck Lewis Gannett as "one of the great American autobiographies."

Miss Ross treats your reviewer most generously. She discovers, and I hasten to agree, that I write "from an angle." Consciously. But Miss Ross unconsciously writes not only from an angle but also from a date. The

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"now" from which she views her colleagues and her craft is essentially that of the pre-Newspaper Guild star of the New York *Herald Tribune's* boom-days city room.

Here are fifty years of newspaper women's work and development—fifty years with accents on sex, crime, domestic features, and a type of "human interest" that bears no relation to human significance. Not that those complete our range today. Miss Ross's amply demonstrated point is rather that we have invaded every branch of the business and achieved substantial success in all but "the front-page field." Toward the exception she gazes with somewhat baffled hope.

The trouble is that Miss Ross, although acutely aware that prejudice has always hemmed in her sex and still does, becomes a victim of it. This results from failing to pierce the superficial and sometimes false values of the backward-facing individuals and institutions that generate it. She considers "the critical test" of progress to be today's front page, and finds in this realm "surprisingly little" achievement by women. Then she names six "perfect examples" of "front-page girl" reporters. But the contradiction between these women who *do* and the fact that most of them do not cover prime news is resolved by pronouncing the competent ones "exceptions." Consequently, she finds the most reactionary apologies for her sex and excuses for their editors' distrust. Women face the "charge" of inaccuracy—and Miss Ross admits women's "vision is apt to be close," their grasp "inadequate." *Hence,* "city editors rarely take chances." They "can't depend on the variable feminine mechanism." So there's some disqualifying something in the sex gene after all! I say baloney. Who sent the false armistice story? *Mister* Roy W. Howard. How strike a fair comparison between the average of competence among the "lucky few" women and the always overwhelmingly more numerous men of the city room? The one scientific test mentioned by Miss Ross showed that girl journalism students "were equally competent," their newspapers being "as good as those of their [boy] rivals, sometimes better."

Miss Ross's judgments on us as a group remind me vividly of those published some years ago by the *American Mercury* under the name of Stanley Walker. He is a bourbon smarty who led the publishers' plea against the newspaper code in Washington. Maybe it's just a coincidence that he was Miss Ross's city editor, suggested her book and title, and wrote its foreword. But I think it's fair to quote Miss Ross's own remark, buried somewhere in her six hundred well-written pages: "Often a newspaper woman becomes what her newspaper makes her." What interests me even more is the conflict between this influence and her talent for objective reporting and her feminist inclination.

Since she left the city room some of us have come to identify our strivings toward equality, freedom, and achievement—as women and as journalists—with the emancipation struggle of our working people generally. Since she left the city room, it has been pervaded by Heywood Broun's suggestion that it is as exciting to chase a fire wagon at dawn on $75 as on $25 a week. With the Guild came a constitutional guarantee against inner-union sex discrimination, something sure to affect the city room sooner or later.

I wish Miss Ross, before writing her able chronology, had known the not-yet-veteran newspaper women I have met recently in industrial towns outside of New York. One was attending a steel workers' meeting, though not on assignment. Another, while handling the "woman's angle" of a national political convention, was interested in her home-town farmer-labor party. Out of these young ranks tomorrow's stars will come. They can handle facts quite nicely, but they are interested also in finding and writing truth. I am afraid they will disagree with Miss Ross's conclusion that abstract "adventure, excitement, romance, danger, praise and blame, glamour and drudgery" keep them "spinning self-forgetfully day after day in the dizzy world inhabited by the ladies of the press." I think they will find this significant book faces not forward with them, but backward with Stanley Walker.

MARGUERITE YOUNG.

"I'm not taking cream these days. That book by that Dr. Carrell says we need more hardship."

World Politics and War

WORLD POLITICS, 1918-1936, *by R. Palme Dutt. Regular Edition, Random House. $2.50. Popular Edition, International Publishers, $2.*

A RECENT newspaper item reports that Mr. Lloyd George visited Hitler and found Nazism good. "He is a marvelous man, and the German people are extremely happy," reported the Welshman who in 1916 was sending hundreds of thousands of British lads into the battlefields to save Germany for democracy. It is a sinister portent for the future of this generation that British imperialism, which discarded Lloyd George in the decade following the armistice, should now once again find it expedient to make him its spokesman, and that this spokesman would find it necessary to bespeak the virtues and glories of the most debased and brutalized ruling despotism in Europe. What makes these developments even more menacing is that British imperialism, driven by its eagerness for an anti-Soviet front, through Mr. Baldwin's national government, is nourishing its enemy—German capitalism.

In his latest book, R. Palme Dutt, whose name has become respected in English-speaking countries as perhaps the most brilliant Marxist writer on international politics, and whose commentaries in the *Labour Monthly* of London are eagerly awaited by thousands of readers all over the world, has set down the entire network of world forces which makes the above paradox understandable. If the average reader of the daily press is puzzled by the fact that simultaneously with Lloyd George's pronouncement for Hitlerism and Anthony Eden's guarded receptivity toward Hitler's demand for colonial expansion there should appear Sir Neville Chamberlain's counter-blast against Germany's demand for colonies, he will find in Dutt's superbly lucid analysis the key to the answer not only of this question but to every major problem of international politics upon whose solution depends the historic course of the next hundred years.

For, as Dutt demonstrates in strokes at

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once swift and thorough, present-day politics is inevitably world politics. With the World War (the first), the development of production brought forward as a problem of immediate urgency the need for world organization. The world has become an interdependent producing unit—but the producers remain nationalist, separatist, marauding antagonists, imperialist monopolies dominating the various capitalist states. Capitalism could only pose the problem of world organization—but its solution cannot be found within the framework of capitalism. If it was possible for a Goethe in the nineteenth century to dream of a *Welt-Literatur,* then the cultural spokesmen for capitalism in its decay can today only exhort culture into the morass of racialism, regionalism, chauvinism. The productive forces of the world are beating against the strangling restrictions of world imperialism. Out of this basic world antagonism arises the ever-present menace of war. "In the period of imperialism," writes Dutt, "the intensity of state divisions and antagonisms, the height of economic barbed-wire fences, the growth of the tendencies to isolationism and the formation of blocs, and the scale of wars and armaments expenditures have enormously increased and are increasing." The problem of maintaining peace is the problem of how to "conquer these forces of imperialism."

Why is it that only a generation after the horrors of 1914-18, world politics has advanced today to an even crazier instability than that which exploded with such awful portents at Sarejevo? Whose was the guilt and who today leads the peoples to the abyss of holocaust? In a single sentence of magnificent dialectic precision is worth all the tragic outpourings of postwar liberal literature seeking *liquidation* of the "war guilt" of 1914, Dutt probes the resources: "Not that particular ambition or intrigue of this or that individual group or majority of whom probably did not dream as they will the war in the form or at the moment it broke out, but only willed the particular advantages to their side which made war possible), *but the inexorable collective outcome of their individual wills,* which in the aggregate only reflected the existing social forces of capitalism that they did not themselves understand—this was the real 'origin of the war.' . . ."

If in the nineteenth century the Powers fought for spheres of influence, protectorates, etc., today, when the entire world has been divided as booty between the strongest, the struggle *is for a redivision of the world.* The blood-letting of 1914 could solve nothing! "For," explains Dutt, following the reasoning of Lenin and Stalin, "the development of the various finance-capitalist groupings and industrial powers takes place at uneven rates, according to historical conditions and stages in each case, and does not correspond at any moment to the existing division of the world which reflects the consequences of a previous stage of development. Hence arises continually sharpening economic conflict against the barriers of monopolist control, *culminating in the endeavor to batter through these barriers by military force. This is today the central dynamic of imperialism and imperialist war.*"

Yet it is the irony of history that the very uneven development which drives toward another war at the same time provides the opportunity for postponing its outbreak. If the drive toward war today comes with the most immediate menace from German and Japanese militarist-imperialism (the powers hungry for new victims as a result of their defeated or minor position in the last division of the spoils), then there arises the possibility of using in the interests of peace the antagonism between the powers pressing for immediate military struggle and those who, for their own interests, desire to avert it, if only temporarily. From this situation, especially as a result of the advancing strength of the Soviet Union, comes the development of the peace strategy which has resulted in the Soviet Union's entrance into the League of Nations, the Franco-Soviet Peace Pact, the People's Front, and the possibility of realizing an international front for peace to an extent not possible up to now. In this way, the fight for peace is intertwined with the struggle for the defense of democratic rights against fascism, a struggle which Dutt excellently defines as *"constituting the typical expression of the present phase of struggle between the existing capitalist rule and the socialist revolution,"* since the advance of socialist forms can obviously be at less cost in a period of peace than in the midst of fascist reaction and war.

I cannot give in this space any idea of the richness of data and thought which is evident on every page of this book. I do not know of any more exciting political writing today than Dutt's analysis of the role of British imperialism in the advance of Hitlerism over Europe, the relation of American imperialism to the League of Nations and its part in the brewing struggle in the Far East, the relation of collective security to the problem of peace and its limitations, the propaganda of imperialism on the need for war arising out of "over-population," the need for raw materials, etc.

It is not in any degree an exaggeration to say that the material of this book is indispensable to any kind of understanding of the forces which affect the future of every individual living today, and that this material is not available with such masterly succinctness and persuasiveness elsewhere.

MILTON HOWARD.

A. Sopher

Mourning for Aristocrats

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE PLAIN, *by Herbert Gorman. Farrar & Rinehart.* $2.50.

ONCE more (who would believe it?) the tumbrils clatter over the cobblestones of Paris, Madame Guillotine grins and flashes, and the heads of aristos fall into Samson's basket to the cackle and applause of the knitting fishwives.

In short, the same old *Scarlet Pimpernel,* this time soaking in an unusually heavy sauce of historical learning and spiced too with a modern message for America, but in this matter *plus ça change plus c'est la même chose.* In my youth in Vienna the school library was carefully stocked with dozens of similar novels, no doubt a wise provision of the Catholic state, in which you could have found the good old gray-haired parish priest, the impudent truculent blaspheming lawyer confusing and seducing the good folk with his demagogy, and then of course the noble but doomed aristocrat and his beautiful weeping daughter, and the nick-of-time saving from the guillotine. Oh, and I mustn't forget the mob! In these books there it always is, presented like the loathsome half-human animals on H. G. Wells's *Island of Dr. Moreau.*

Now I'm not denying to Mr. Gorman the ability to write rings around most of his competitors and predecessors in this sort of thing, nor am I ignoring his "sane and liberal" attitude. But in essence it is the same old claptrap and every stock figure is here, every stock situation. The crime, the great shame of this book, however, is its attitude toward a certain type of bloodshed.

Let me illustrate with an anecdote, whether true or apocryphal makes little difference. After a battle in which a hundred thousand men were killed, Bismarck shrugged his shoulders and said: "Berlin can make that up in a single night." But do we ever speak of the terrorist Bismarck, or the terrorist Queen Victoria? No. But we still speak of the horrible terrorist Robespierre who sent a comparatively few people to the easy death of the guillotine, while these others plunged millions into butchery.

It all depends on who writes history for you, aristocrat or commoner. For Mr. Gorman it is the aristocrat's history that counts and so we find that a drop of blue blood is for him worth a million gallons of ordinary red. Never have men been so bemoaned and bewept as these guillotined aristocrats, and to ask us *en plein vingtième siècle* and in this year of Our Lord 1936 to add yet another tear to the Niagaras is really asking a lot. Still I'm a soft-hearted cuss and my lachrymal ducts are in fine shape. But when Mr. Gorman dares to present me with some of those moth-eaten scenes of the aristos in prison teach-

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ing the mob of revolutionaries how to die, then I hurl the book out of my sight and my blood boils.

Why jumpin' Jehosophat, that's standing all history on its ear! Who for ages has done the bloody work and died ungloried on a million unknown battlefields but that mob of poor people whom our snobs would teach how to die! Good Lord, that seems to be about what poor people have done best, die, die as heroically as you please all over the map. Italians dying for Mussolini and also in the construction of every bridge and skyscraper in the United States, poor girls dying of radium poisoning, Negroes in Gauley Tunnel dying of silicosis, poor people everywhere dying of pellagra and scurvy and beri-beri and rickets to teach medicine what it might have known all along: that human beings need fresh and ample food. Four million skeletons at the bottom of the Atlantic marking the course of the slave trade, holocausts of poor people armed with sticks and pitchforks dying in jacqueries in Germany, in Russia, in China, in Japan, in some country of the globe in every year of history. And now Germans being groomed by the millions to die for Hitlerism, and every country in Europe sprucing up its soldiery. Poor men all, mind you. I say absolutely nothing of their rightness or their wrongness, I speak only of their dying. Mock them as much as you please, Mr. Gorman, for their poor table manners, decry the mob for its cruelty and stupidity if you like, but by all that's holy I forbid you to have your bluebloods teach the poor how to die! In the matter of dying they have nothing new to learn, but they can, in a final conflict, teach the aristos a lesson that will never be forgotten.

Well, there's no need to get myself excited. I take consolation in the fact that novels are losing their once great role in history. Witness this paragraph from a recent newspaper:

A careful survey of those who atttended performances of the motion picture *Anthony Adverse* during the past two days revealed that only six out of 5830 persons present had read the "popular" book from cover to cover; 141 others admitted starting the book, but never finished it.

It is important that we who know who the real terrorists are should also know that the people, the people, yes, may be bamboozled into buying what passes for literature, but they can't do much more than start the book. People, however, do go to pictures and they sit right through. That's something we must think about. GUY ENDORE.

Poetry Against Death

MAN ANSWERS DEATH. *An anthology of poetry edited by Corliss Lamont. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York. $3.*

A COLLECTION of poetry with a basis in apologetics is fairly calculated to make a reader suspicious. The task of the anthologist—keeping to a distinguished level

The Spanish Revolution started 63 Years Ago!

Bakunin, associate of Karl Marx, was the man who originally instigated the revolution in Spain—back in 1873! Facts just released from dusty official files in Berlin and Dresden—and from hitherto secret archives of the First Internationale in Paris—reveal many other interesting and intimate facts about Karl Marx and his writings. A key book of great value to all students of world politics.

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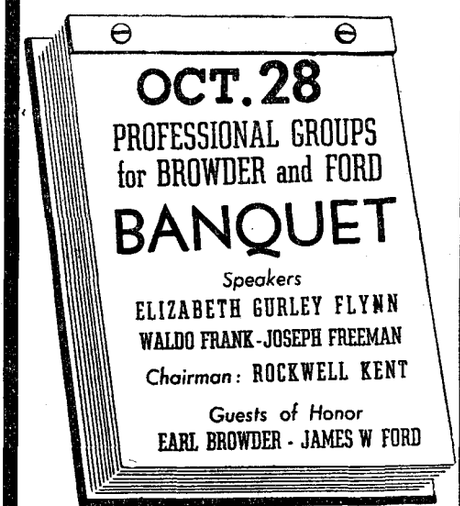
A DATE of Historic Importance



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a symposium on
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of taste without reintroducing us to all our old friends—is sufficient without introducing a purpose beyond the simple enjoyment of poetry. It must be said, however, that Mr. Lamont's humanism, if it seems inadequate as a viable philosophy, has a generous æsthetic range: more than a few good poets have written from the humanist point of view he celebrates, even to the confusion of the creeds they professed. In the present anthology, seizing on the familiar aspects under which man has always considered death, Mr. Lamont has made the most of a felicitous opportunity by grouping together a generous number of the interesting lyrics on life's transiency, and the affirmations man has made in the face of that fact, to be found in English and, here translated, a number of other tongues. *Man Answers Death* has fewer than the usual number of set pieces, and few poems, even among those selected from contemporaries, which seem not worth inclusion. It would be easy to demonstrate that the editor has kept up his level of choice partly by a generous welcome to poets who would be likely to give a wry reception to the humanistic homilies with which Mr. Lamont has prefaced the various sections of his anthology. The point is not worth laboring, however, since despite it, *Man Answers Death* remains one of the most judicious of contemporary anthologies.

MAURICE ENGLISH.

★

Brief Reviews

COVERING THE FAR EAST, *by Miles Vaughan. Covici, Friede.* $3.

In the early pages Mr. Vaughan puts himself out to climb into the ranks of the George Seldeses, Vincent Sheeans, Walter Durantys, and John Gunthers of his profession. He even rings in a Chinese girl Communist to offset Sheean's Rayna Prohme. The effort proves too much for him, and Mr. Vaughan settles down to the routine, shouted small talk of the routine correspondent, too ill-informed to understand the history he transmits almost as automatically as the telegraph key, and with automatic class reactions, all of which makes him slander the Chinese people while paying homage to Chiang Kai-shek and the Japanese militarists.

THE THEATRE OF THE MOMENT, *by George Jean Nathan. Alfred A. Knopf.* $2.50.

Here and there Mr. Nathan remarks upon the ineffectiveness of old tricks. He proves it when repeating his own. Fresh ventures, such as his comments on radical writers, reveal both ignorance and malice.

Outstanding Reprints

THE WORKS OF LEWIS CARROLL. *Modern Library Giants.* $1.10.

This volume contains not only the immortal Alice books, but everything Carroll wrote, excepting the specifically scientific works, and includes material unobtainable in most other editions.

THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO and THE CONQUEST OF PERU, *by William H. Prescott. Modern Library Giants.* $1.10.

Two masterpieces of American historical writing, the first unavailable formerly except in an edition of two or more volumes, are here presented together in a well printed and durably bound single volume.

SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM, *by T. E. Lawrence. Doubleday Doran. Illustrated.* $3.

A work of genius, influenced by and sharing many of the virtues of Doughty's classic, *Travels in Arabia Deserta.* Its subject matter is the Arab struggle for national independence against the Turks and the use made of it by Great Britain for her own ends in the World War. This edition presents the complete text from which an abridgement, *Revolt in the Desert,* had previously been abstracted.

MAN'S FATE, *by André Malraux. Modern Library.* 95c.

It is a pleasure to greet what is quite generally regarded as the masterpiece of contemporary revolutionary literature, offered in this popular series.

Also Published This Week

(A listing of important new books not necessarily recommended.)

An American Testament, by Joseph Freeman. Farrar & Rinehart. $3. Book Union choice for October.

The Story of the Supreme Court, by Ernest Sutherland Bates. Bobbs, Merrill. $3.

Golden Wedding, by Anne Parrish. Harper. $2.50. Novel.

Electricity: For Use or for Profit? by Bernhard Ostrolenk. Harper. $2. Economic and political.

The Higher Learning in America, by Robert Maynard Hutchins. Yale University Press. $2.

Phoenix: The Posthumous Papers of D. H. Lawrence. Viking. $3.75.

Stravinsky. Simon & Schuster. $3. Autobiography.

The Tallons, by William March. Random House. $2.50. Novel.

Recently Recommended

Moscow Skies, by Maurice Hindus. Random House. $2.75.

The Brothers Ashkenazi. by I. J. Singer. Translated by Maurice Samuel. Knopf. $3.

The Trouble I've Seen, by Martha Gellhorn. Morrow. $2.50.

We Have Been Warned, by Naomi Mitchison. Vanguard. $2.75.

Green Margins, by E. P. O'Donnell. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

Three Score, by Sarah N. Cleghorn. Random House. $3. Autobiography.

Rubber: A Story of Glory and Greed, by Howard and Ralph Wolf. Covici, Friede. $4.25.

Seventy Years of It: An Autobiography, by Edward Alsworth Ross. Appleton-Century. $3.

Was College Worth While?, by John R. Tunis. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

Now That April's Here, by Morley Callaghan. Random House. $2. Short stories.

The Bells of Basel, by Louis Aragon. Translated from the French by Haakon M. Chevalier. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50. Revolutionary novel.

A Time to Remember, by Leane Zugsmith. Random House. $2.50. September Book Union selection.

The Rise of Liberalism, by Harold J. Laski. Harper. $3. Political science.

The People, Yes, by Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50. Poetry.

The Flowering of New England, by Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton. $4. Criticism.

FOR CHILDREN

Palaces on Monday, by Marjorie Fischer. Illustrated. Random House. $2.

The Story of English Life, by Annabel Williams-Ellis and F. J. Fisher. Illustrated by Wilma Hickson. Coward-McCann. $3.75.

Turning Night into Day, by M. Ilin. Translated by Beatrice Kinkead. Illustrated by N. Lapshin. Lippincott. $1.

Tales from Grimm, translated and illustrated by Wanda Gág. Coward-McCann. $1.50.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Sholom Aleichem and Shakespeare—Life in Birobidjan—Some new dance records

THE ARTEF THEATER has presented us with a *200,000* which sacrifices not a whit of Sholom Aleichem's humor and humanity and at the same time spreads before us a veritable feast of imaginative staging. The show is simply irresistible.

Benno Schneider, the brilliant *regisseur* of the Artef players, refuses to take seriously the story of the poor tailor who won a fortune in a lottery only to lose it to a pair of confidence men. For that matter, he also refuses to become sentimental about the heartaches of the lovelorn Kopel, the tailor's apprentice, who loses out to his comrade and shopmate Motel in their ardent courtship to win the hand of the tailor's daughter. If you remember the Maurice Schwartz production of this famous comedy in which Paul Muni (then Muni Weisenfreund) broke your heart by portraying Kopel as a needle-plying Cyrano, you will marvel all the more at the droll, if tender, treatment of the same part by M. Goldstein under Schneider's tutelage. Nor is the audience invited to shed tears over the misfortune of Shimele Soroker when he discovers that his bogus partners made away with his capital. By treating the story with his tongue in his cheek Schneider provided the justification for the many delicious artifices, inventions, and drolleries of direction which keep the audience in a state of high merriment and the *cognoscenti* in a state of constant wonderment and admiration.

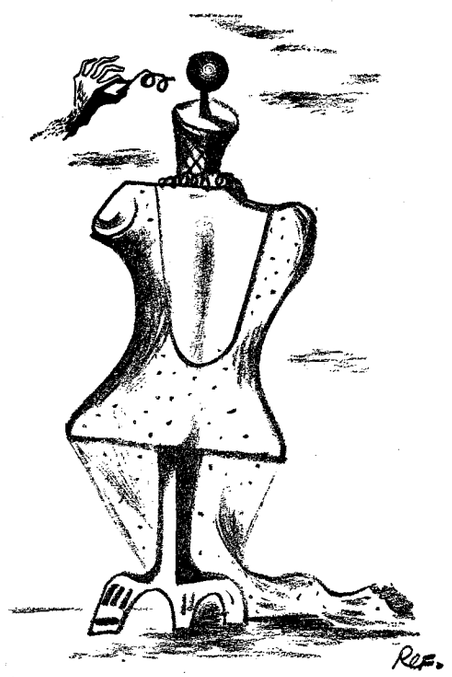
The acting of the Artef players is alive and fluent and in a few instances excellent, but it is the direction and the manner of production that make *200,000* into as beautiful a piece of stagecraft as you have seen or are likely to see anywhere. While Yiddish audiences will have the added advantage of enjoying the native idiom and the grotesque mistranslations of quotations from the Scriptures, an understanding of Yiddish is not really essential to the appreciation of *200,000* as theater. You will find more than a bag of director's tricks in Schneider's production. If he knows how to make Shimele look and act ridiculous in a dressing gown, he also knows how to distill mood and musical accompaniment out of the purr of a sewing machine. His startling stylizations somehow acquire a logic and plausibility of their own.

Of a piece with the production is the concluding mass dance staged by Benjamin Zemach. Starting from a realistic and plausible scene of a hastily improvised wedding feast, Zemach transforms it by easy stages into an imaginative dance composition that continues the mood of the scene and carries it to its glorious finale.

Moi Solotaroff's sets give the play a fitting, if reticent, frame. The parlor of the parvenu tailor is done in proper bad taste, though it is not as uproariously ridiculous as the mood of the direction would require. The inn has atmosphere and furnishes good surfaces and levels for the actors. Ben Yomen's music consists of frankly borrowed folk tunes, well chosen and neatly presented.

It will not be long before Broadway audiences discover *200,000* as a delightful show. Beside it, Artef's celebrated *Recruits* is mere child's play. NATHANIEL BUCHWALD.

FOR A PRODUCTION of *Hamlet* that does much to strip the play of the graveclothes with which our schooling enswathed it, thanks to Mr. Guthrie McClintic. He has brought John Gielgud from England to strike from those too, too sadly hackneyed lines a new fire, and he has brought to the Shakespearean stage Miss Lillian Gish as a magnificent Ophelia. Perhaps time brings greater clarity to our thinking or to the meaning of words or to the insight of actors—at any rate, this *Hamlet* seems to ring forth more clearly than before as a savage polemic against corruption in high places and as a document written by a man who, most clearly in the words of the grave-maker, saw his as a class world. The freshness and naturalistic delivery with which Mr. Gielgud reads many of his lines carry the sharp impact of modern drama, and his achievement of this freshness goes far to atone for those moments when his quest for freshness results in distortion. Yet it must be remarked that when the freshness is most fresh, the glaring contrast between the life of those lines and such formalisms as the scene-end couplets is not an unmixed blessing. Judith Anderson comes gracefully to her first Shakespearean role as the queen and Arthur Byron is a Polonius more consonant with his lines than the addlepates and dodderers who have plagued us in the past. A. W. T.



First Nighter Anton Refregier

THE SCREEN

THE new Soviet film at the New York Cameo, *A Greater Promise,* dealing with life in the Soviet Jewish autonomous province, Birobidjan, is as far removed from our Second Avenue tradition and Broadway as it is from Hollywood. On the other hand it is as close to us here in the United States as it is to the citizens of the Soviet Union. Therein lies the film's worth: its universality, its greatness, aside from any considerations of its place in the development of the cinema or of form and construction. Not that those things aren't important. But the film makes no such pretensions. It is, rather, a tribute to the development of the theater of the national minorities in the U.S.S.R. generally, and to the flowering of Jewish culture in particular.

The opening shot shows us Dvoira and her family on shipboard, going to Birobidjan from a European ghetto, while an off-screen song gives us the film's theme:

The world is pale, great, and strange,
For him who has no place, for the work of his hands.
I am weary of wandering and roaming,
What does the bright land there hold for me,
Song or grief?
I am weary of wandering and roaming.

The old mother (beautifully conceived by M. M. Blumenthal-Tamarina), Pinya, Rosa, Basya, and Leva are all there. Only Pinya is uncertain of his goal: "Where are we going? . . . We won't get there . . . we're only going. . . ." Then characteristically he asks: "Excuse me please, tell me, how much approximately, how much can such a steamer cost?" And in spite of the fact that his wife and his relatives finally arrive at the Roite Feld (Red Field) collective and settle and find happiness in collective labor, psychologically Pinya never gets there: plays hooky from work and sweats blood digging for gold. And for what?

What will I do with it? Everything. . . . I can buy, I know, a house, no, a factory, start an enormous business, a factory for suspenders. . . . I'll make first-class goods. Plain, silk, rubber. Everybody buys them, of the whole world. On the suspenders will be my trademark: a crown: PINYA KOPMAN. *Pinya Kopman, the suspender king.*

But the gold makes Pinya a murderer. His family is finally established in their new home . . . their first home. The film. It is rich in detail and drama. V. L. Zuskin's characterization of Pinya is worth going out of your

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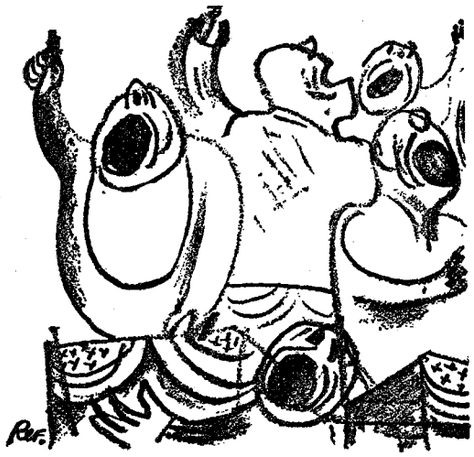

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Another timely series of eight articles will present the leading personalities who shape American opinion—the radio commentators, the daily columnists, Washington correspondents, newspaper publishers and others.

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way to see. The finest things about so-called "Jewish acting" are captured and preserved by the camera. The Soviet Union has given us many fine films on Jewish themes: *Cain and Artem, A Jew at War, The Return of Nathan Becker,* etc. *A Greater Promise* is the best so far.

It is almost discouraging to have to mention in the same breath some of the other films which opened this week But one of them, *The Gay Desperado,* directed by Rouben Mamoulian is in its synthetic way very enjoyable and even satiric. It is in the musical-film *genre* and is concerned with a Mexican bandit who is a little tired of his old-fashioned methods of crime and so visits the movie house playing American gangster films for new ideas. How he (Leo Carillo) adopts the American "or else" and the "snatch" is the idea of the film. The picture features the popular tenor Nino Martini. Mischa Auer is also here—a comedian to be watched. You will find a much diluted version of last year's hit, *Sailor Beware!* under the disguise of *Lady Be Careful.* And *Dimples* is just another Shirley Temple film. PETER ELLIS.

BY AND LARGE, Beverly Hills conceptions of the American prostitute have fallen into three categories. Foremost, naturally, has been the waterfront prop variety: a frizzy, ragged, painted creature who slinks past the camera for purposes of atmosphere. Most of this slinking is done on foggy San Francisco wharfs, the slinker followed by one staggering fo'c'sle hand. These two, together with sundry water rats and broken-down hulls, are used to make a picture stark.

Originally stemming from the prop prostitute but partially ennobled by suffering is the iconoclastic fancy woman. Her function, as a rule, is to deflate pompous villains, fawning hypocrites who batten on gossip and petty persecutions. In frontier movies she is virtually indispensable. Paramount's *Valiant is the Word for Carrie* features the third and increasingly popular species, the Stella Dallas or Sacrifice variety. For her there is much to be said. Either she continues doing it to send little Rochelle Hudson through finishing school or she reforms and goes into legitimate business to see young Robert Taylor through Dartmouth. Carrie fuses the best elements of Sadie Thompson, Jane Eyre, and a *Social Register* career woman. She is by turns a small-town fancy girl, a desperately lonely victim of circumstances, and a capable little manager. Throughout she Sacrifices with an vigor ranging from reckless abandon to fine frenzy.

As a matter of fact, Gladys George, who plays Carrie, is rather sweet and credible at certain points in the course of her various incarnations. Her small-town sequences are so faithfully mounted and documented that one is forced to accept the fundamental contradictions of her character. The entire picture is studded with skilled minor characterizations. John Wray, in the role of the hardware-store proprietor, contributes a really distinguished performance. Even the two child actors are

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only occasionally exasperating. Also, the picture is to be credited with an attempt to treat of a character shading that is neither banal nor Hollywood: Paul Darnley's morbid sense of obligation to undo a harm he has done. That sort of thing is not to be sneezed at these Simone Simon days.

EDWARD NEWHOUSE.

MUSIC

IN the popular field, the Benny Goodman Trio has just made its best record, assisted by an easy-going vocal chorus by the drummer and vibraphonist Lionel Hampton, the tune being "Exactly Like You" (Victor 25406). There is not even a trace of exhibitionism in the playing, for Krupa, Teddy Wilson, and Benny are all in the same groove. The more inspired Goodman becomes, the simpler his playing, and Wilson is his perfect partner. In this particular record Teddy indulges in some blues which one would never expect from him.

Benny Goodman's full band recorded Fletcher Henderson's arrangement of the "St. Louis Blues" while they were on the Coast this summer. It is in every way a good disk, particularly while Sterling Bose takes his two choruses on cornet. Backing it, Victor had the audacity to put a miserable offering by a group billed as the augmented Original Dixieland Jazz Band, in which the clarinetist Larry Shields has little chance to shine (Victor 25407).

Red Norvo's orchestra with the invaluable aid of Mildred Bailey has just made a fine record of Jimmy Johnson's tune, "A Porter's Love Song." This is the most consistently relaxed of white bands, and the leader is a great artist on his odious instrument, the xylophone. On the other side is a very fast "I Know That You Know," which has a good solid swing and no vocal chorus (Brunswick 7744).

Teddy Wilson, assisted by what sounds like Benny Goodman and half of the latter's band, does well with two pop tunes, "You Came to My Rescue" and "Here's Love in Your Eyes." The vocals are not to our taste, but the rhythm section, Lionel Hampton's vibraphones, and Vido Musso's tenor playing definitely are (Brunswick 7739).

The best blues records of the month are easily those made by Casey Bill Weldon, "Casey's Blues" and "I'se Just a Bad Luck Man" (Bluebird 6519). Casey Bill records under various pseudonyms for the various companies, and you will find him by far the greatest male blues singer on records, with just the right "fonky" accompaniments.

HENRY JOHNSON.

★

The Radio

(Times given are Eastern Standard, but all programs listed are on coast-to-coast hookups. Readers are asked to report at once any anti-working-class bias expressed by these artists or their sponsors.)

FORTHCOMING BROADCASTS

Gertrude Atherton, novelist (among others), on the "Technique of Developing Historical Characters," Mon., Oct. 19, 5 p.m. N.B.C. blue.

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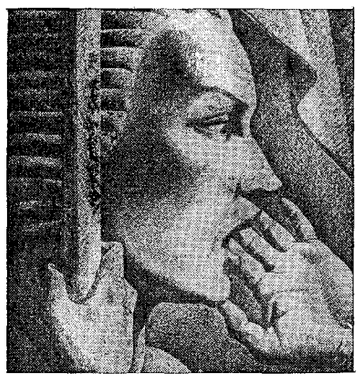

FOR YOUR WALL

Rockwell Kent has given us permission to offer his *Wake Up!* (above), which was our Sept. 15 cover, as a subscription premium for a limited period. 9½" x 9¾", printed on fine all-rag paper suitable for framing. Subscribe while the supply lasts.

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Ohio State-Northwestern, Sat., Oct. 17, 1:45 p.m., Columbia.
Princeton-Pennsylvania, Sat., Oct. 17, 1:45 p.m., Mutual.

REGULAR FEATURES

Seattle Symphony Orchestra, with Cameron conducting, Thursdays at 8 p.m., Columbia.
Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Barlow conducting. Sundays at 3 p.m., Columbia.
Fred Astaire and Johnny Green's Orchestra. Tuesdays at 9:30 p.m., N.B.C. red.
Rudy Vallée's Varieties. Thursdays at 8 p.m., N.B.C. blue.
Burns and Allen. Wednesdays at 8:30 p.m., Columbia.
Willie and Eugene Howard. Wednesdays at 8:30 p.m., N.B.C. blue.
Stoopnagle and Budd. Wednesdays at 9 p.m., N.B.C. red.
Raymond Gram Swing, commenting on international affairs, Fridays at 9 p.m., Mutual.
The March of Time, Mons. through Fris., 10:30 p.m., Columbia.

Phonograph Recordings

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Beethoven. The Seventh Symphony in a superb new recording by Toscanini and the Philharmonic (Victor Masterpiece Album 317).
Mozart. The E-flat major piano concerto rather disappointingly played under the direction of John Barbirolli, the Philharmonic's new maestro. Edwin Fischer at the keyboard (Victor Masterpiece Album 316).
Enesco. Yehudi Menuhin and his sister Hephzibah give a fine performance of the new A-minor sonata (Victor Masterpiece Album 318).
Handel. The *Te Deum,* coupled with *Chio Mai Vi Possa Lasciar d'amare,* capably sung by Marian Anderson (Victor 1767).

The Dance

Jooss Ballet (Alvin, N.Y.). Sat., Oct. 17, and Sun., Oct., 18, at 3 and 8:45 p.m.

The Screen

WORTH SEEING

Greater Promise (Cameo, N.Y.). A new Amkino picture on life in Birobidjan, the Jewish autonomous region in the U.S.S.R.
Millions of Us, a fine labor short on the bill at the Cameo in N.Y. Watch for it in your locality.
My Man Godfrey. William Powell and Carole Lombard in a smooth, funny picture.
Dodsworth. Sinclair Lewis's story pretty well done.
La Kermesse Héroique (Filmarte, 202 W. 58, N.Y.). This film won the Grand Prix du Cinema in France and plenty of applause here.
Sing Baby Sing! Those vaudevillians, the Ritz brothers, will split your sides.
The General Died at Dawn. Clifford Odets's first screen play, dealing with civil war in China, with Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll.
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The Texas Rangers. King Vidor's Wild West sideshow to Billy Rose's Texas Centennial cabaret. Jack Oakie helps.
Don't Turn 'Em Loose. A gory gangster melodrama disguised as an indictment of our parole system.
Stage Struck. A dullish backstage musical comedy to which the Yacht Club Boys contribute one bright and loony moment.
Give Me Your Heart. A tear-jerker about an American girl and her illegitimate child by an English nobleman, with a phony psychiatric angle.

The Theater

THUMBS UP

Hamlet (Empire, N. Y.). Guthrie McClintic's production with John Gielgud as Hamlet, Lillian Gish as Ophelia, Judith Anderson as the queen, and Arthur Byron as Polonius.
Boy Meets Girl (Cort, N. Y.). Sam and Bella Spewack write about the Hollywood cuckoos.
Dead End (Belasco, N. Y.). New York's slum kids realistically treated by Sidney Kingsley.
Gilbert & Sullivan (Martin Beck, N. Y.). The Rupert D'Oyly Carte company in superlative production of the Savoy operettas. *Princess Ida,* which will continue through Saturday, Oct 17, will be followed by a three days' run of *The Mikado,* which in turn will be followed by a three days' run of *Ruddigore.*
Horse Eats Hat (Maxine Elliott, N. Y.). The Federal Theater Project adapts the French farce you may have seen as the René Clair film *The Horse Ate the Hat.* Hair-raising hilarity.
Idiot's Delight (Shubert, N.Y.). Robert Sherwood's anti-war comedy, with Lunt and Fontanne.
Injunction Granted! (Biltmore, N. Y.). The Living Newspaper W.P.A. project in an episodic history of American labor struggles.
On Your Toes (Imperial, N. Y.). Rodgers and Hart songs, plus Ray Bolger and Tamara Geva.
The Path of Flowers (Daly's N. Y.). Valentine Katayev's Soviet social satire in an amusing production by the W.P.A. Experimental Theater.

FAIR AND COOLER

White Horse Inn (Center Theater, N. Y.). Erik Charell's musical spectacle come to America at last, with William Gaxton and Kitty Carlisle.

The Art Galleries

NEW YORK

Museum of Modern Art. Paintings and etchings by John Marin, opening Wednesday, Oct. 21.
Municipal Art Committee. The new, thirteenth exhibition of works of New York artists at the temporary gallery of the Committee, 62 West Fifty-third Street. Closes Oct. 18.
Another Place, 43 W. 8th St. Paintings by James Lechay.
The Art Mart, 210 Central Park South (Radamsky studio). Original etchings, lithographs, woodcuts, and drawings by the Dresden Secession Group forced into exile by the Nazi regime. Through Sat., Oct. 24.
A.C.A. Gallery, 52 W. 8th St. Exhibition in support of democracy in Spain. Closes Sat., Oct. 17. A showing of ten years of stage designs painted by Moi Solotaroff for the Artef Theater opens Sun., Oct. 18.

HERE AND THERE

Japanese Art. A special loan exhibition is on view at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.
Orozco. Murals on permanent exhibition at the Baker Library. Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.
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